TERROR TRAPS THE TORTURED HEAP!!

PSYCHO

47357
NOV
1971
60¢

T.M.

A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

WHO DARES DEFY THE DEMON WITCH?

DREAMER BEWARE!

FRANKENSTEIN IN THE SEWER TOMB OF LE SUUB!

A PSYCHO SCENE
Webster's New World Dictionary describes
earth-worm (ũrth' wũrm'). n, a round,
segmented worm that burros in the soil.
Above is Webster's description!
Below, is Wild Bill Everett's version.
5 MI. AHEAD
ACME

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FRANKENSTEIN

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And what power it is. As you'll find out when writer Jeff Dennings' characters seem to come to life, as his demoniacal typewriter keys spell doom. **Page 11**

THE UNHOLY SATANISTS

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DREAMER BEWARE

Some husbands just love being henpecked, underneath it all. Then, there are others. Like our harried hero of this story. Who's had it until it almost killed him—or her. **Page 4**

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Let the Dreamer Beware

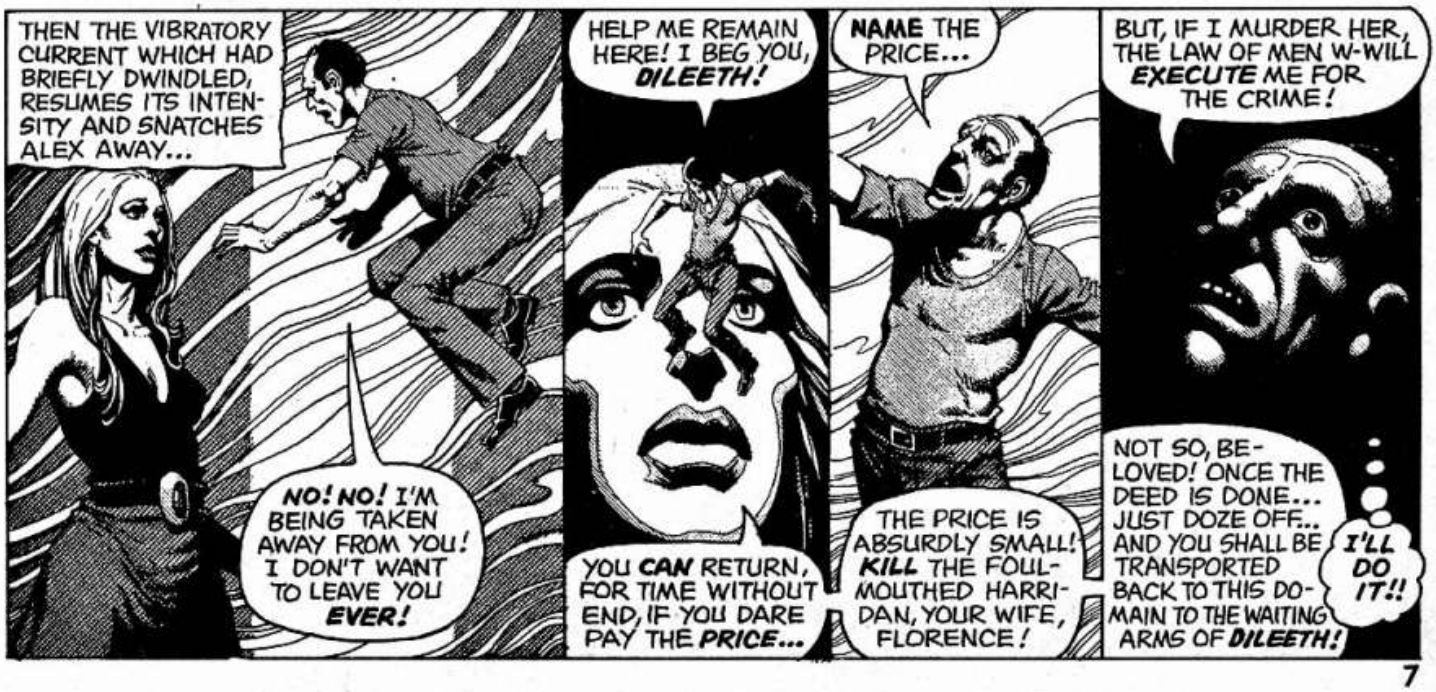
DO NOT LET THE RASH MORTAL ESCAPE, HIDEOUS ONES!
THEY WON'T GET ME IF I CAN REACH THAT EERIE GATEWAY BETWEEN THIS LAND OF BAD DREAMS AND THE WORLD OF REALITY ...IN TIME!
REESE

Script by: JERRY SIEGAL • Art by: RALPH REESE

SOME PEOPLE ARE CURSED WITH LEPROSY...
HE IS PAYING BITTERLY FOR THE SINS OF A HUNDRED REINCARNATIONS!
I BEG YOU... ALMS...
KEEP AWAY!
IT IS WHISPERED THAT A CERTAIN UNFORTUNATE MAN EXISTS WHO IS CURSED BY HAVING BEEN BORN WITH HORNS...
DO YOU STILL LOVE ME, NOW THAT YOU KNOW MY SECRET?
GET OUT OF MY SIGHT FOREVER, YOU--YOU SPAWN OF SATAN!
NOW MEET ALEX NIMBO WHO IS AFFLICTED WITH ONE OF THE MOST LOATHSOME MALADIES THAT EVER BESET MORTAL MAN--A LAZY, NAGGING WIFE...
IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DO HOUSEWORK FOR A NOBODY LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZY! SCRAPE THAT FLOOR AND GIVE IT THREE COATS OF VARNISH!
VILE, SOUR-MOUTHED SLAVE-DRIVER!
OFTEN WHEN ALEX CAME HOME LATE FROM HIS STRENUOUS JOB AT THE PAPER MILL...
YOU MEAN, I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE A HOT MEAL?
YOU CAN HEAT THAT CAN OF SARDINES FOR ALL I CARE!
YOU GOT HANDS! OPEN THE CAN! YOU GOT TEETH? EAT WHAT'S IN IT!
AND WHEN ALEX SWALLOWS HIS PRIDE AND SEEKS EVEN A CRUMB OF AFFECTION...
I'M A MAN WITH NORMAL PHYSIOLOGICAL URGES, AND I WANT...UH...
THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL GET...
SPIT!
FLORENCE, I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS MUCH LONGER!
MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR BOTH OF US TO GET A DIVORCE!
YOU AIN'T GETTIN' NO DIVORCE OUTTA ME, MISTER! YOU EARN TOO LITTLE TO PAY MUCH ALIMONY!
AND IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA WORK TO SUPPORT MYSELF WHEN I GOT YOU WHERE I WANT YOU, YOU'RE CRAZY!

IF YOU DARE MENTION DIVORCE TO ME AGAIN, I'LL HAVE ONE OF MY BROTHERS BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR STUPID BODY!
AND YOU KNOW WHICH BROTHER I MEAN--PHIL, WHO JUST GOT OUT OF THE ASYLUM!
PHIL LIKES... HURTING PEOPLE!... I--CAN'T--STAND--PAIN...
SLEEP IS SLOW IN COMING TO THE TRAPPED, EMBITTERED HUMAN BEING KNOWN AS ALEX NIMBO...
NO WAY OUT! I'M THE LEGAL PRISONER OF A LEECH!
FLORENCE IS SUCKING AWAY ANY CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS I MIGHT HAVE HAD!
I'M HUMAN! I HAVE A RIGHT TO REAL LOVE...
IF ONLY I COULD FIND IT...
SOMEWHERE... ANYWHERE... I'D...
I'D SACRIFICE ANYTHING...
TO...GET IT...
AS BODILY WEARINESS FORCES HIS RESENTMENTS TO DWINDLE, ONLY ALEX'S INTENSE ROMANTIC YEARNINGS REMAIN, AS SLEEP...TAKES...OVER...
A MINI-INSTANT LATER, ALEX IS AFLOAT AMIDST AN EPHEMERAL WORLD OF SENSES-DAZZLING BEAUTY...
EVERYWHERE... ABOUT ME--LOVELINESS THAT THRILLS AND INSPIRES...
PERMEATING ALL... A SUBTLE, SUBLIME FRAGRANCE THAT ENCHANTS AND EXPANDS THE SENSES! SOOTHING AWAY ALL PSYCHO-NEUROTIC SYMPTOMS...
MY HEART--MY SOUL--ARE EXPERIENCING AN ALMOST EXPLOSIVE JOY!
BORN ALONG BY A MYSTICALLY VIBRANT CURRENT, ALEX RAPTLY OBSERVES MORE DELIGHTS...
EVERYONE IS RADIANTLY ATTRACTIVE! I SENSE THESE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE WANT ME HERE WITH THEM!

AND AS THE STRANGE CURRENT WHISKS ALEX ALONG EVER-MORE-SWIFTLY...
I SENSE I'M BEING TRANSPORTED SOMEWHERE FOR SOME VERY SPECIAL PURPOSE!
EVEN IF THIS IS ONLY A DREAM...I LOVE EVERY MARVELOUS INSTANT OF IT! BUT WHERE AM I GOING? AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE?
ABRUPTLY, ALEX'S FORM HALTS HOVERING BEFORE A GIGANTIC, EXOTIC BEAUTY...
I WHO AM KNOWN AS DILEETH HAVE BEEN WAITING EONS FOR YOU, ALEX NIMBO! I KNOW THE FULL POWER AND MAGNIFICENCE WHICH HAS BEEN REPRESSED WITHIN YOU TOO LONG!
I'M... ENLARGING!
AND AS THE EXPANDED ALEX SOON EQUALS THE GIANTESS IN STATURE...
I HAVE HUNGERED ...YEARNED...FOR YOU FOR UNTOLD ETERNITIES!
I LOVE YOU, ALEX! SUPREMELY! TOTALLY!
BUT WHY ME? THERE ARE SO MANY MEN IN THIS...ER...DREAM WORLD HANDSOMER THAN ME!
NO MORE QUESTIONS! HERE IN THIS EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL PLANE... YOU AND I SHARE A CHARISMATIC LOVE SO RARE...SO INFINITE... THAT WE WILL BE THE ENVY OF THE DIMENSIONAL DEITIES THEMSELVES!
YES, DILEETH--YES!!


THEN THE VIBRATORY CURRENT WHICH HAD BRIEFLY DWINDLED, RESUMES ITS INTENSITY AND SNATCHES ALEX AWAY...
NO! NO! I'M BEING TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU! I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU EVER!
HELP ME REMAIN HERE! I BEG YOU, DILEETH!
YOU CAN RETURN, FOR TIME WITHOUT END, IF YOU DARE PAY THE PRICE...
NAME THE PRICE...
THE PRICE IS ABSURDLY SMALL! KILL THE FOUL-MOUTHED HARRIDAN, YOUR WIFE, FLORENCE!
BUT, IF I MURDER HER, THE LAW OF MEN W-WILL EXECUTE ME FOR THE CRIME!
NOT SO, BE-LOVED! ONCE THE DEED IS DONE... JUST DOZE OFF... AND YOU SHALL BE TRANSPORTED BACK TO THIS DOMAIN TO THE WAITING ARMS OF DILEETH!
I'LL DO IT!!

A SPIT-INSTANT AFTERWARD, ALEX OPENS HIS EYES TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A HATE-FULLY SHRIEKING VOICE...
SERVE ME BREAK-FAST IN BED YOU DUMBHEAD YOU!
AND USE THAT DEODORANT I MADE YOU BUY! YOU STINK!
FOR ONCE, ALEX ENJOYS OBEYING ONE OF FLORENCE'S COMMANDS...
UGH! WHAT MAKES THIS GARBAGE TASTE SO AWFUL!
QUITE POSSIBLY, THE RAT-POISON I ADDED...
;GASP; I'LL TELL THE POLICE EVERY-THING--ON THE PHONE! YOU'LL BURN FOR THIS, YOU LOUSY ROTTEN... MURDERER... AAARGHH...
SHE'LL BE DEAD QUICKLY!
THUDD!
NO FUSS, NO WORRY, ABOUT WHAT THE LAW WOULD DO TO ME! AFTER I SWALLOW A FEW OF THESE SLEEPING PILLS...
I'LL BE IN THAT GLORIOUS DREAM-WORLD...REUNITED WITH DEAR LILEETH FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER...
THE PILLS DOWNED, NIMBO'S TRANSITION TO THE SLUMBER-DIMENSION OCCURS WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS...
WHY ARE THEY SMILING AT ME SO PECULIARLY? LIKE CATS -- AT A MOUSE?!
S-SUDDENLY EVERYTHING IS CHANGING! THE AT-TRACTIVE STRUCTURES ARE DEGENERATING INTO DECAYING, MOULDY, SLIME-DRENCHED RUINS! THE INCREDIBLY HANDSOME PEOPLE...
ARE BEING ALTERED INTO UNHOLY MON-STROSITIES!
AND LILEETH! SHE'S B-BEING TRANS-FORMED INTO A REPUSIVELY GHASTLY OLD CRONE!
COME CLOSER, LOVERBOY! KISS MY DECAYING LIPS BEFORE I TASTE HEE-HEE--YOUR JUGULAR VEIN!
GREEE-YAAH! THEY'RE DEMONS WHO DISGUISED THEM-SELVES INTO LOOKING BEAUTIFUL...
...TO TRICK ME INTO DOING THEIR EVIL WILL!
I-I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS DREAM-WORLD OF HORROR, BACK TO THE NORMAL WORLD OF THE LIVING!

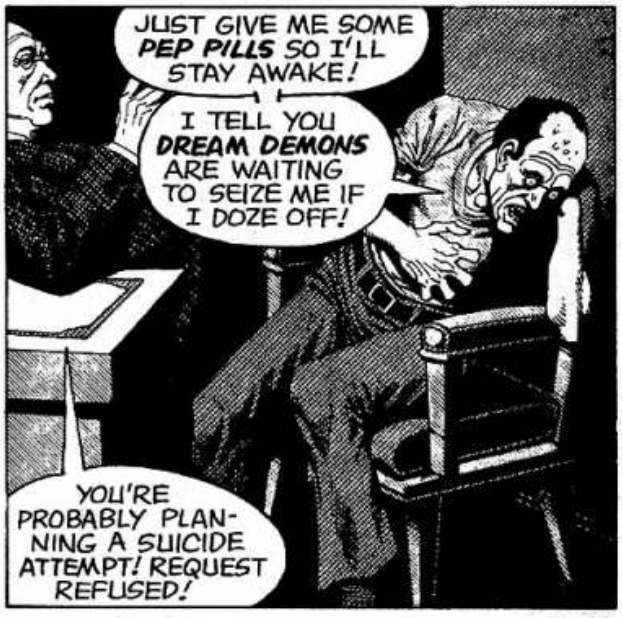
I'LL ESCAPE THE DEVILISH TRAP OF THESE GRISLY ABOMINATIONS!
THAT DAZZLING CIRCLE OF BRILLIANCE DIRECTLY AHEAD IS SOME KIND OF DOORWAY BETWEEN TWO WORLDS!

ALEX'S AWAKENING WAS ACCOMPANIED BY AN EQUALLY RAPID IMPRISONMENT!

CONFESS...YOUR NEIGHBORS HEARD YOUR WIFE YELLING SHE WOULDN'T ACCEPT YOUR DEMAND FOR DIVORCE!
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!
BUT DAMNING!

BUT WITH THE ARRIVAL OF NIGHTFALL, ALEX'S COMPOSURE CRACKS...

ALEX'S CONTINUED CLAMOR EARNS HIM A SESSION WITH THE PRISON DOCTOR...


JUST GIVE ME SOME PEP PILLS SO I'LL STAY AWAKE!
I TELL YOU DREAM DEMONS ARE WAITING TO SEIZE ME IF I DOZE OFF!
YOU'RE PROBABLY PLANNING A SUICIDE ATTEMPT! REQUEST REFUSED!

SHORTLY, BACK IN HIS CELL...
HE'S BANGING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL AGAIN--TO KEEP HIM AWAKE, HE SAYS!
HE PROBABLY PLANS TO COP AN INSANITY PLEA!

SOON AT THE PRISON COMMISSARY...
TRYING TO JAB A FORK INTO YOUR WRIST, HUH? FROM NOW ON, YOU EAT WITH YOUR FINGERS!
I'M NOT ATTEMPTING SUICIDE! I'M GETTING DROWSIER, BUT I DON'T DARE FALL ASLEEP!

PRESENTLY LOCKED UP AGAIN...
THERE ARE INDESCRIBABLE HORRORS LURKING IN THE DREAM DIMENSION, YOU DAMNED SWINE!
I NEED COFFEE TO STAY AWAKE!
THEY'RE IGNORING ME! THE RATS!
NIMBO'S FRENZIED EFFORT TO REMAIN AWAKE IS A LOSING BATTLE! HIS BLOODSHOT, WEARIED EYELIDS KEEP DROOPING LOWER...AND LOWER YET...
RESISTANCE... DWINDLING--SLEEP --CREEPING IN-- WHILE DEMONS WAIT...
ABRUPTLY, ALEX IS AGAIN IN THE REALM OF THE ABOMINABLE NIGHTMARE...
TH-THE NAUSEATING EXCRESCENCES... SLITHERING YAMMERINGLY IN AT ME!
HE IS OURS!
LOVER BOY DOES NOT SEEM PLEASED TO SEE HIS ADORED...HEE-HEE-HEE...DILEETH!
INTO THE POOL WITH THE FOOL!
SONS OF CORRUPTION! YOU TRICKED ME INTO THIS FATE!
HUR HUR LISTEN TO THE WHINING MURDERER! A TYPICAL HOMO SAPIENS RETROGRADE!
INTO THE ACID POOL WITH THE CARRION!
ACID?
YUUUUURGH!
NEXT MORNING, IN THE CELL OF PRISONER ALEX NIMBO...
THIS IS NUTS! THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT THAT SKELETON! IT'S GOT NO CLOTHING ...NO FLESH...
AND THAT EVIL, ACRID ODOR FROM THE SKELETON SMELLS EXACTLY LIKE...
ACID!
END

BEGINNING: "THE POWER OF THE PEN!"

VITAL INFORMATION SECURED, UNDERCOVER AGENT GEORGE MARSH STALKED DOWN THE RAIN-SLICK PAVEMENTS OF THE CITY JUNGLE, INTENT ON COMPLETING THE LAST STEP OF HIS ASSIGNMENT...

NOW THAT I KNOW A LARGE SHIPMENT OF DANGEROUS NARCOTICS IS DUE TO ARRIVE TOMORROW, THE ONLY PIECE REMAINING TO THE PUZZLE IS TO FIND OUT **WHERE**...AND MY ANONYMOUS CONFIDANT SHOULD BE ABLE TO TELL ME **THAT!**

BAR

AS MARSH BEGAN TO CROSS THE WET STREET, A PARKED CAR OMINOUSLY FLASHED ON ITS HEADLIGHTS--UNNOTICED BY THE PREOCCUPIED AGENT...

I TOLD HIM TO MEET ME ABOUT THREE BLOCKS AWAY! STILL GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES--PLENTY OF TIME. I JUST HOPE HE **SHOWS UP** SO THIS DOPE RING **CAN BE SMASHED** ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THE CAR ROARED TO METALLIC LIFE, AND LURCHED FROM THE CURB...

VRRROOWW!

WHUMP!

...STRAIGHT FOR THE HUMAN TARGET PINPOINTED BY THE GLARING BEAMS OF ITS HEADLIGHTS!

GOOD LORD! THAT CAR...!

WITH BRUTAL, BONE-JARRING FORCE, THE UNDERCOVER AGENT ABSORBED THE FULL IMPACT OF A HEAD-ON COLLISION WITH THE ONRUSHING METAL JUGGERNAUT.

...AND CRUMPLED TO THE RAIN-SWEPT PAVEMENT AS THE CAR SPED OFF INTO THE ENVELOPING BLACKNESS OF NIGHT.

Script by: DOUGLAS MOENCH • Art by: DOUG WILDEY

END OF CHAPTER THREE, EH, MR. DENNING? WELL, I LIKE IT! WHY NOT FINISH IT AND IF THE REST IS AS GOOD AS THE FIRST THREE CHAPTERS, I THINK WE CAN USE IT--FLAT RATE OF THREE THOUSAND PLUS STANDARD ROYALTIES. VERY VIVID STUFF SO FAR, MR. DENNING! AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH WORDS--I GUESS IT'S THE...

POWER of the PEN!

THANK YOU, MR. CROWLEY! GLAD YOU LIKED IT. I'LL START WORK ON THE REST TOMORROW--SHOULD BE DONE IN THREE OR FOUR MONTHS, FOLLOWING THE OUTLINE I GAVE YOU ALONG WITH THOSE THREE-SAMPLE CHAPTERS!
CROWLEY
-ISHER
TERRIFIC! IF ONLY IT WAS THIS EASY TO SELL A BOOK EVERY TIME! I'M GOING TO GO STRAIGHT HOME AND PHONE GEORGE ABOUT THE GOOD NEWS!
THAT'LL BE FINE! YOU'LL BE RECEIVING AN ADVANCE IN THE MAIL NEXT WEEK OR SO!
THANK YOU, SIR. GOOD AFTERNOON.

A HECTIC CAB RIDE THROUGH THE CITY'S LATE AFTERNOON TRAFFIC SNARL FINALLY BRINGS JEFF DENNING TO HIS MODEST APARTMENT...
WAIT'LL GEORGE HEARS I USED HIS NAME FOR THE MAIN CHARACTER IN A CRIME NOVEL WHICH HAS JUST BEEN SOLD!
I THINK HALF THE FUN OF WRITING IS INJECTING ALL THE "IN" JOKES AND USING FRIENDS AS CHARACTERS IN BIZARRE SITUATIONS!
BRING! BRING!
HMMM... GUESS GEORGE ISN'T HOME. IT'S ODD THAT HE ISN'T--HIS WIFE USUALLY HAS DINNER PREPARED BY THIS TIME. OH WELL, I THINK I'LL GET TO WORK ON THE NEXT CHAPTER...
LET'S SEE...CHAPTER FOUR--"DEATH'S DOORWAY. GEORGE MARSH GRADUALLY AWOKE THROUGH A MISTY HAZE OF DULLED PAIN TO FIND HIMSELF HELPLESSLY CONFINED TO A HOSPITAL BED."
CLACK! ACK! CLACK!
"ELUSIVE IMAGES DANCED BEFORE HIS UNFOCUSED VISION--THE IMAGES OF HIS WIFE AND TWO GRIM DOCTORS."
HE'S IN BAD SHAPE, MRS. MARSH. I'M AFRAID I MUST BE FRANK--HE MAY NOT PULL THROUGH!
H-HE CAN'T...D-DIE! ;SOB; YOU MUST DO SOMETHING! SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM LIVE...
WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN, MRS. MARSH. IT'S NOT UP TO US ANY MORE.

THROUGH THE CRIPPLING PAIN, MARSH THOUGHT DOGGEDLY OF ONLY ONE THING...
I'M SWORN TO SECRECY! IF ONLY I COULD TELL THEM--TELL THEM I'M AN UNDERCOVER AGENT! IF I DIE, MY ENTIRE ASSIGNMENT WILL FAIL! IT'S BEING JEOPARDIZED FURTHER WITH EVERY MOMENT I REMAIN IN THIS BED...
OH, GEORGE, YOU CAN'T DIE! Y-YOU JUST CAN'T...
GUESS I'LL TRY TO GET GEORGE AGAIN--TELL HIM HE'S NEXT TO DEATH IN MY NOVEL! HA, HA! IT'S REALLY HARD TO IMAGINE GEORGE BEING AN UNDERCOVER AGENT, THOUGH!
BRI BRING!
H-HELLO? OH, HELLO, JEFF. NO, GEORGE ISN'T HERE--;SOB;--JEFF, SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! GEORGE WAS STRUCK BY A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER LAST NIGHT! I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL--T-THEY DON'T THINK HE'LL LIVE!
YOU SAY HE'S DOWN AT MARTHA WASHINGTON HOSPITAL? I'LL GET RIGHT DOWN THERE, BONNIE! YOU JUST SIT TIGHT! I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT OKAY.
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! GEORGE MARSH, MY FRIEND, STRUCK DOWN BY A CAR ON THE SAME NIGHT I WROTE ABOUT GEORGE MARSH, THE CHARACTER IN MY STORY, BEING HIT! IT'S ALMOST TOO MUCH TO BE COINCIDENCE!
HASTILY, THE DISTRAUGHT WRITER TAXIS TO THE HOSPITAL...
TAXI

AFTER SECURING PERMISSION FROM THE DOCTORS TO SEE HIS STRICKEN FRIEND, JEFF BENNING STANDS AT THE BEDSIDE, WITNESS TO AN UNCANNY CONFESSION...
J-JEFF! THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE! I-I MUST T-TELL YOU SOMETHING BEFORE I GO...THEY SAY I'M GONNA DIE--AND IF I DO, A DANGEROUS NARCOTICS RING WILL CONTINUE TO THRIVE OFF THE MONEY OF DESPERATELY HOPELESS PEOPLE!
WHAT??! GEORGE, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? ARE YOU DELIROUS?
NO, JEFF! I KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING! I-I'M AN UNDERCOVER AGENT... YOU'VE GOT TO CONTACT MY SUPERIORS--HAVE THEM COME HERE--OR MY DEATH WILL BE IN VAIN!
THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! EVERYTHING I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT MY CHARACTER WITH GEORGE'S NAME HAS ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO GEORGE! GOTTA GET HOME FAST!
ALL RIGHT, GEORGE, I'LL DO IT. DON'T YOU WORRY.
THE LIFE OF HIS BEST FRIEND HANGING IN THE BALANCE, JEFF DENNING RETURNS TO HIS DEPARTMENT AND THE ONLY APPARENT MEANS OF SALVATION FOR GEORGE MARSH...
IF MY WRITING SOMEHOW GOT GEORGE INTO THIS FIX, PERHAPS IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET HIM OUT! EVEN THOUGH I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN POSSIBLY WORK, I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!
FEVERISHLY, THE FRANTIC WRITER RESUMES HIS NOVEL WITH AN EFFORT NEVER BEFORE EXPENDED ON ANY OF HIS OTHER WORKS...
I LEFT OFF WITH THE SCENE IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM...SO, HERE GOES--AND IT'D BETTER WORK! WHO CAN SAY WHAT IT WAS? THE SHEER DETERMINATION OF THE TOUGH AGENT --THE STUBBORN WILL TO LIVE--OR A MIRACLE? BUT, WHATEVER, GEORGE MARSH FELT THE ROILING MAELSTROM OF CONFUSION LIFT FROM HIS MIND AS A FOG ROLLS OFF THE OCEAN...

...HIS PAIN SUBSIDED, AND HE KNEW HE WOULD ***LIVE...***

THAT SHOULD DO IT--I HOPE! I STILL CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO BELIEVE THAT ALL THIS IS REALLY ***...THE PHONE!***

NOW TO GET DOWN TO THE HOSPITAL AND SEE IF THAT WORKED ALSO!

JEFF? THIS IS BONNIE! THE HOSPITAL JUST PHONED WITH THE MOST ***WONDERFUL*** NEWS! THE DOCTORS CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW OR WHY, BUT GEORGE IS GOING TO ***LIVE!***

OH BONNIE, WHAT MARVELOUS ***UNEXPECTED*** NEWS! I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

NOW, IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I CAN END THIS WHOLE BUSINESS WITH ONE SENTENCE! LET'S SEE...HOWEVER, THE INJURIES SUSTAINED IN MARSH'S NEAR-FATAL ACCIDENT RESULTED IN A CASE OF PARTIAL AMNESIA, PREVENTING HIM FROM REMEMBERING ANYTHING ABOUT HIS ROLE AS AN UNDERCOVER AGENT!

WELL, GEORGE, GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER! I... UH...***CONTACTED*** THEM AS YOU ASKED ME TO.

CONTACTED THEM? CONTACTED ***WHO,*** JEFF? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

GOOD! HE DOESN'T REMEMBER A THING ABOUT HIS "OTHER" LIFE! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CHANGE THE NAME OF MY CHARACTER TO A FICTITIOUS ONE AND I CAN FINISH THE BOOK!
UH, OUR FRIENDS, GEORGE! YOU ASKED ME TO CONTACT OUR FRIENDS AND TELL THEM ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT!
OH, I DID? MUST'VE BEEN DELIRIOUS, JEFF. I DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER--BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER! THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THE DOCTORS SAY I CAN LEAVE TOMORROW!
AS A RELIEVED JEFF DENNING RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT...
WELL, I SURE AM GLAD THAT'S OVER WITH! THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIGURE IT IS THAT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE TYPEWRITER!
...AND JUST SO NOTHING ELSE LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENS AGAIN--
SPALANGG!
KARASHHH!
THAT OUGHT TO DO IT! THIS IS ONE TYPEWRITER THAT'LL NEVER WORK AGAIN!
GOOD LORD! I JUST REMEMBERED A FANTASY STORY I WROTE ABOUT A MONTH AGO CALLED "THE FAIREST IN THEM ALL" IN WHICH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IS IMPRISONED IN A MIRROR THROUGHOUT ETERNITY!

AND I NAMED MY CHARACTER AFTER SANDY PRESTON! MY GOD! I HAVEN'T SEEN SANDY FOR A MONTH--SINCE I WROTE THE STORY! SHE MUST BE TRAPPED IN A MIRROR SOMEWHERE! AND I'VE JUST OBLITERATED THE TYPEWRITER BEYOND REPAIR--THE ONLY MEANS OF REVERSING HER FATE!
The Fairest of Them All—
DAWNING REALIZATION SERVES TO FIRE THE WRITER INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION, AND ADDS HASTY IMPETUS TO HIS RESOLVE...
MUST GET OVER TO SANDY'S APARTMENT! NO TIME TO LOSE!
REACHING THE GIRL'S EAST SIDE APARTMENT, DENNING FINDS...
NO ANSWER! JUST AS I THOUGHT! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE TO DO--
3C
THU-WACKK
A MONTH OF ACCUMULATED DUST COATS THE APARTMENT WITH STALE MUSTINESS, AN ATMOSPHERE WHICH COLDLY ATTESTS TO THE UTTER DESERTION OF THE PLACE...
SANDY? SANDY! ARE YOU HERE, SANDY?
...A DESERTION WHICH EXTENDS TO EVERY CORNER OF THE APARTMENT ... SAVE ONE!
THAT MIRROR! NO, IT CAN'T BE! BUT...BUT IT'S TRUE! SANDY IS...

EVEN AS THE SHOCKED WRITER LAMENTS HIS EARLIER ACTION, A STRANGE INEXPLICABLE FORCE SEIZES HIM AND DRAWS HIM INEXORABLY, TOWARDS..THE POSSESSIVE MIRROR...

SEEMINGLY WITH SENTIMENTAL MALICE, THE MYSTERIOUS MAGNETIC POWER SUCKS HIM CLOSER AND STILL CLOSER ...UNTIL THE SUPERNATURAL LOOKING GLASS BEGINS TO **ENVELOPE** HIM...

W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I'M BEING FORCED TO MOVE **TOWARDS THE MIRROR**--CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF ...CAN'T **STOP!**
OH, NO! I FORGOT ABOUT THE **ENDING** TO THAT STORY I WROTE! THE ENDING THAT SAYS...

... anyone who should attempt to rescue the cursed girl shall join her similarly in her fate of eternal imprisonment within the mirror.

The End

AND ELSEWHERE, FIVE MONTHS LATER...

WHERE IS THAT DENNING? HE'S A MONTH **OVERDUE** ALREADY! WHY CAN'T I EVER FIND A WRITER WHO ISN'T TOO BUSY **PARTYING** ALL THE TIME TO MEET A **DEADLINE!**

End

PSYCHO DELIVERY

I am a horror magazine collector and think **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** are pretty good. The art is good and I have every issue of **NIGHTMARE,** but unluckily, only have issue #3 of **PSYCHO**. The thing you need is a back issue dept. **PSYCHO** #3 had a story named "Gruesome Crew-Cut" this was the best story in the whole magazine. What more can I say, **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** are great!

Eddie Boggs
Westminster, S.C.

I just stumbled upon **PSYCHO** #3 and found "The Heap and the Horror Master" most interesting. Since I missed the first and second magazines of **PSYCHO** I wanted to ask if you are going to have some sort of way to subscribe the issues.

If you do, I will probably be the first to mail, cause I want to see how the story of HEAP began!

Xavier Carbajal
Garden City, Michigan

Your letters are two of many, Xavier and Eddie. We do have a Back Issues Dept. now. You'll find it elsewhere in the magazine.

Gotta hand it to you. The apparition, inside cover of **PSYCHO** No. 4 and the HEAP, back cover WOW. These two pin-up features following a real great front cover by Ken Kelly were just too much. Absolutely the best issue of its kind, ever. Keep it up, because I'll keep coming back for more.

Robert Fine
North Hollywood, California

The photo-spread of Behind The Planet of The Apes was a real eye-opener for me. It's fun to see how a story board can lead to some terrific movie scenes. These kind of features are great. I look forward to seeing more of them.

H. Karann
Miami, Florida

Our photo-features man Allan Asherman, is constantly looking for new material along these lines, as you can see by the spread in this issue.

Let me praise you for your story-length policy of **PSYCHO** #3. While it is possible to produce great stories of 7 pages or less, *Gruesome Crewcut,* for instance, or more to point, the recent stories by Barrie Smith and Larry Todd for Bill Warren—10 pages have been carrying inherently more interesting stories. Case in point: *Frankenstein, Book II, Chapter 1.* Here's twelve pages of *drama,* none of this six page build-up to a last panel twist-ending bull. (Note on Frankenstein, Book II, I can't wait to see how its plot unfolds. It was the primary reason I bought **PSYCHO** #3.) Whoever Sean Todd is, he's good on plots, even if the dialog lumbers at times.

Brian Earl Brown
North Manchester, Indiana

I wanted to know if you could poster the HEAP fighting other monsters and put it in a book of **PSYCHO,** or we could possibly buy them.

Dan Canchola
Phoenix, Arizona

Dan, we've had a few poster requests for the HEAP and others. We'll look into this possibility and keep you readers informed

I cannot begin to describe the *great* job you are doing on the HEAP! I think it is the greatest horror story I have ever read. I also think all your stories are great, but the HEAP is the best. I hope you'll keep it up with the whole mag. Your artists are tops, especially the ones who do the covers. The instant I saw **PSYCHO** on the shelf, I knew it was great. Another story I thought was excellent was "The Skin and Bones Syndrome" (**PSYCHO** #1). Who was the artist? Like I said before, I hope you'll stay with the Heap and keep up the good work on the whole mag.

Kenneth Langan
Bronx, N. Y.

The HEAP is "in," Ken. As for "The Skin and Bones Syndrome," that was illustrated by the talented Gray Morrow.

Psycho #3 and Nightmare #5 proved what I've suspected, that Boris Vallejo is the greatest horror S & S painter since Frank Frazetta. No painter since FF has been able to capture the physical perfection in the foreground and sombre, surrealistic backgrounds in Vallejo's work. I really don't care whether he does a strip for you or not (although I'm sure it would be excellent) but by all means, keep those covers coming!

As usual, the cover was the high point of the issue. You have improved greatly since Psycho's #1 and #2, and have almost reached the top standard of quality. Some good points inside Psycho #3 were: Tom Sutton's fabulous Frankenstein, both art and story were great; Fox's pirate story; Andru and Esposito's miraculously good art on the Heap. Some of the best they've ever done. Everett's lovely "The Man Who Stole Eternity" and Wolfman's story "Love Witch."

The tasteless and repulsive "Gruesome Crewcut" had (and has) no place in a magazine such as yours.

Suggestions: More Gardner Fox, Bill Everett, Dan Adkins (pencilling, too) Andru Wolfman and Ernie Colon. Try to get some of the Spa-Fan . . . Web of Horror artists (Wrightson, Kaluta, Brunner, Jeff and Bruce Jones) and whatever happened to Syd Shores?

Bob Strauss
St. Petersburg, Fla. 33705

I've read and enjoyed your Skywald publications for the past few months and I've got to admit that you've got a winner on your hands. Can you really blame a fella for wanting to hop aboard?

John Workman
Aberdeen, Wash.

So welcome aboard, John.

Not long ago I bought **PSYCHO** #3. I had seen issues #1 and #2, but had thought they were merely more cheap horror mags that flood our newsstands today. But when I saw #3, with the fantastic Vallejo cover (and I've seen his works before), I knew this was a better-than-usual publication. Looking inside, I found that I was right. I bought it, and there was not a single story therein that didn't impress me. Making a "Volume II" of FRANKENSTEIN is an excellent idea; and after reading "the HEAP" I can easily see why there was so much praise in the letter column about him—er "it."

Question, however. Why does Tom Sutton call himself "Sean Todd"; and why does Ernie Colon call himself "Jack Purcell"? Please don't say I'm mistaken; too often have I seen the works of both these geniuses in the pages of "Eerie" and "Creepy" to be wrong. The illustrations by these two in **PSYCHO** #3 are so great, if I were those guys I'd let it be known who really did them.

Good luck,
Lyndon Joslin

This was the first pencil sketch of the PSYCHO cover #3, done by Boris Vallejo.

When I saw the first issues of **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** I was pretty disappointed. Artwise, the only decent stories were the ones by Tom Palmer and Gray Morrow. However, the second and third issues of NM and PSY have shown great strides toward becoming top-quality publications. I hope these new high-quality standards are continued to be used. I also hope the level of quality continues to rise to even greater heights. Good luck!

Duffy Vohland
Clarksbury, Ind.

And we hope that by now, you've noticed our steady climb for the highest quality of art and scripts. The only direction we know how to go is up.

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST

By JEFFREY ROVIN

Those of you familiar with Skywald Magazines know it our policy to present ideas that are novel, art that's alive, and a format always fresh and entertaining. Now, in order to better maintain this high standard of quality, editor Sol Brodsky has created THE PSYCHO-ANALYST, a department seeking to involve you, the reader, with our magazines in a fashion unique to the field of illustrated fiction.

Essentially, this page is a means for Psycho fans to ask questions of the artists and writers who work for our publications. Want to know from where Skywald authors get their ideas? Or perhaps you wish to learn just what your favorite artist thinks of his own work? Well then, faithful reader, all you need do is send your query to PSYCHO-ANALYST, 18 E. 41 St. Rm. 1501, New York, N.Y. 10017 from where I, your anxious servant, will find it an answer. It's as simple as that!

Sparked by a letter from Mike Tierstein of Brooklyn, New York, this issue's PSYCHO-ANALYST interviews author Al Hewetson regarding "Hag of the Blood Basket," a tale that graced the June edition (#4) of our companion magazine, NIGHTMARE. Although a yarn from the pen of Mr. Hewetson is featured in this issue of PSYCHO, I decided to ask Al about that particular fable because of its peerless, original, and thoroughly terrifying vision of Hell.

"I hope it really was frightening," said Mr. Hewetson, "because in its purity it was very, very human indeed! I find it stupid that man commits violence to defeat violence. This takes form in the story by having a violent woman die violently, go to a violent endless hell which she thinks she escapes, only to be bound for eternity to a violent undeath. It is man's idea that for his every action he will be paid off by an equal re-action. This is the theory of hell, that if man lives a bad life, he will be paid off by a bad afterlife. It must surely follow then, that if man commits violence he will also invite more violence to follow. It was an intended pun on this philosophy that the Toad Mag lose her head, for after all, is hell not conceived in the head?

"Hell can be escaped by knowing how, by knowledge. This is the moral of the tale."

On the art and ultimate treatment of his script, Mr. Hewetson passed comment as follows.

"I think the text said everything I hoped to say. It is particularly delightful to work for Skywald because they do not refuse to print a point of view, as others in this field have. Sean Todd's art I have always found praiseworthy, and I appreciate the superb rendering he gave my script, which I think was very hard to work from in this case."

As an aside, "Hag of the Blood Basket" was originally titled: "The Descent of the Toad Hag into Bedlam," but was later changed because we felt since the story both started off and closed with strong reference to a bloody head basket, it would be more meaningful."

And meaningful it was, Al! Thanks!

Well, that just about does it for this issue's PSYCHO-ANALYST. Remember, this is YOUR column to mold and move as YOU see fit! Your letters will determine future topics of discussion, interviews and inside information—so don't be afraid to write!! Readers enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelopes will receive personal replies.

Until next issue, this is THE PSYCHO-ANALYST wishing you all many hours of action-packed reading . . . . . Skywald style! !

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THE HEAP

A THING THAT WAS ONCE A MAN!!

THE CAVERN BECAME THEIR HOME! A PLACE TO LIVE--- A PLACE TO COME BACK TO AFTER THEY ROBBED AND PILFERED WHAT THEY NEEDED FROM THE NEARBY TOWN. THE COOL, CLEAR WATER OF THE POOL WAS REFRESHING TO TASTE AND FEEL. YET, THIS AND THE ATMOSPHERE, WHICH WERE FILLED WITH CHEMICALS, WAS CAUSING PHYSICAL CHANGES! THEIR MINDS AND BODIES HARBORED STRANGE NEW EMOTIONS!--- PECULIAR LUSTS! THEY NO LONGER CARED WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE OR WHAT THEY WERE TURNING INTO! THEY ONLY WANTED TO STAY AND REVEL IN THEIR ---

CAVERN OF DOOM!!

LESS THAN TEN MINUTES BEFORE--- THE *HEAP* WAS SINKING INTO QUICK-SAND--- COUNTING HIS LAST MOMENTS, TRYING TO ACCEPT THE INCONCEIVABLE FACT THAT HE WAS ABOUT TO *DIE*---

INSTINCTIVELY, HE GULPED HIS LAST BREATH AND FOUND TO HIS SURPRISE THAT HIS LUNGS WERE NOT BURSTING FOR AIR---

HE MUSED AS HE SANK INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE OOZE AROUND HIM, THAT NOW THAT HE WAS *NO LONGER HUMAN*, IT WOULD TAKE *LONGER* TO *DIE!*

AND THEN, WITH *UNEXPECTED SUDDENNESS*, HE FELT HIMSELF BEING WRENCHED DOWNWARDS--- PULLED BY AN OVERWHELMING SUCTION AND FLUNG INTO THE COLD BRACING TORRENT OF A SUBTERRANEAN STREAM---

Script by: ROSS ANDRU • Art by: ROSS ANDRU and MIKE ESPOSITO

WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
IT'S COMING OUT!!
KARG! WHERE IS KARG?!
SOME KIND OF POLLUTION--- OR SOMETHING IN THE WATER APPARENTLY HAS AFFECTED THEM!
SHE CALLS ME A MONSTER! WHAT DO THEY THINK THEY LOOK LIKE?!
WHO CALLS KARG?!
HURRY, KARG! SOME KIND OF MONSTER HAS INVADED US! H--HE'S COMING OUT OF THE POOL!
KARG WILL DESTROY! KARG WILL KILL!
NOBODY WANTS TO TALK-- TO TRY AND COMMUNICATE---
---JUST TO KILL!
SO BE IT!

KRAAK
THUD
SQUINCH
THAT REALLY SHOOK ME UP.
THIS GUY'S SUPER-HUMAN!
I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE ANOTHER JOLT LIKE THAT ONE--- GOT TO GET IN CLOSE!--CRACK HIS SPINE--
IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
LOOK! KARG IS WINNING!
AAAGHH! NO GOOD! HE'S TEARING OFF CHUNKS OF MY FLESH!
HE'LL SHRED ME TO PIECES!
G--GETTING-- WEAKER-- ONLY HOPE-- IS TO SMOTHER HIM--. GOT TO HOLD ON!
DID IT!--I DID IT! HE'S ---DEAD!
---BUT WHAT NOW?

THEY ARE HESITATING--- TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO. WILL I HAVE TO FIGHT THEM ONE BY ONE?
AND WHAT OF THE WAY OUT? WILL THEY SHOW ME THE WAY OUT OF HERE?
THESE PEOPLE MUST HAVE THEIR OWN SORDID STORY TO TELL!
I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T WANT TO KEEP THEIR SECRET LOCKED HERE---
--BY KILLING ME!
I MUST GET THROUGH TO THEM!
I MEAN NO HARM. ONCE I WAS HUMAN - NOW, LOOK LIKE THIS
SEE THAT? WHEREVER HE CAME FROM--THE AIR--- THE WATER MUST HAVE CHANGED HIM TOO!
THEN HE IS THE IDEAL ONE TO LEAD US AND HELP SPEED THE CONVERSION OF THE REST OF MANKIND!
BOY, AM I IN LUCK!
KARG WAS ABOUT TO GO TO THE SURFACE AND BRING BACK MORE PEOPLE TO BE "CONVERTED" WHEN YOU KILLED HIM! NOW YOU ARE THE LEADER. IT IS YOUR PLACE TO GO! LET ME BE THE ONE TO POINT THE WAY---
WHO WANTS TO BE A LEADER!
ALL I WANT IS A CHANCE TO BE A MAN AGAIN!
STILL, I WONDER HOW THESE PEOPLE BECAME THE WAY THEY ARE?

ABANDONED MINE SHAFT! SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO FIND IF I EVER WANT TO COME BACK!
NOW- IF I CAN ONLY GIVE THIS GUY THE SLIP--
DONE!
NOW TO FIND MONTY ELLIOT! HE'S GOT TO COME UP WITH THE FORMULA-- HE'S GOT TO!
HOURS PASS, AND THE ELLIOT HOME SEEMS ENVELOPED BY THE MYRIAD SOUNDS OF INSECTS SINGING THEIR SONGS IN THE HOT SUMMER NIGHT.
DAD, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
I DON'T CARE HOW IMPORTANT THAT PAPER YOU'RE WRITING IS! HERE, YOU SIMPLY MUST EAT SOMETHING!
RIDICULOUS? IS THE POSSIBLE CONTAMINATION OF THE DRINKING WATER OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE--- RIDICULOUS?
OH DAD-- ARE YOU STILL ON THAT KICK ABOUT THOSE CANNISTERS FILLED WITH BACTERIOLOGICAL POISONS THAT THE ARMY BURIED YEARS AGO?
THEY'RE SAFELY SUNK IN SOLID BED-ROCK WAY BELOW THE EARTH'S SURFACE!
THEY'RE SUNK IN BED-ROCK, ALL RIGHT, LAURIE--- BUT SAFE? WHO KNOWS? NEW EVIDENCE UNCOVERED RECENTLY PUTS A DIFFERENT LIGHT ON THE MATTER!
THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS WHAT I MEAN! WE NOW KNOW THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A FLAWLESS ROCK FORMATION. SOONER OR LATER, CRACKS WILL APPEAR. IF A CANNISTER WERE TO LEAK--- THE MATERIAL WILL WORK ITS WAY THROUGH THE CRACKS---
UNTIL IT REACHES THE WATER TABLE WHICH CONNECTS WITH THE VARIOUS NATURAL SPRINGS AND WELLS WHICH REACH THE SURFACE. SOMEWHERE, SOMEPLACE AT THIS MOMENT PEOPLE COULD BE DRINKING IT! LORD KNOWS WHAT IT'S DOING TO THEM!!
SPRINGS
BED ROCK
SHAFT
CANNISTERS
WATER TABLE
SO THAT'S IT!! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE LIVING IN THE CAVERN! THEY'VE BEEN DRINKING CONTAMINATED WATER! THAT'S WHY THEIR BODIES ARE CHANGING! I'VE GOT TO LET MONTY KNOW!
OH, DAD-- YOU'RE A WORRY-WART! DON'T YOU THINK THE ARMY KNOWS WHAT IT'S DOING?

THE ARMY IS COMPOSED OF HUMAN BEINGS! AND HUMAN BEINGS CAN AND DO MAKE MISTAKES!!
O.K., DAD! YOU WIN-- AS USUAL! I'M TURNING IN---IT'S BEDTIME FOR YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER! BUT YOU MIND AND EAT THAT SANDWICH! THAT'S AN ORDER! GOOD NIGHT!
TAP TAP
?! IT'S JIM ROBERTS!
LAURIE'S UPSTAIRS! TRY TO BE AS QUIET AS YOU CAN!
JIM, DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP TOO HIGH, BUT I MAY HAVE HIT UPON A CLUE, MAYBE EVEN A SOLUTION, TO YOUR CONDITION!
SINCE THE LAST TIME YOU WERE HERE, I MANAGED TO ISOLATE A FACTOR FROM THAT TISSUE SAMPLE I TOOK FROM YOU---
I'VE DEVELOPED AN ANTIDOTE FROM IT---AND I'VE HAD SOME SUCCESS ON GUINEA PIGS!

NOW THE QUESTION IS--- WILL IT WORK ON YOU?
IT MUST--- IT MUST!
TIME DRAGS ON---
NOTHING'S HAPPENED! NOTHING!
HANG IN THERE, JIM! ODDS WERE REALLY AGAINST US MAKING IT ON THE FIRST TRY---
THE BASIC FORMULA COULD STILL BE RIGHT! ---MAYBE I SHOULD INCREASE THE DOSAGE--- "UP" THE CONCENTRATION---
I DON'T WANT THE DOOR CHIMES TO DISTURB LAURIE! I'LL GO 'ROUND THE BACK! IF ELLIOT'S STILL UP--- I'LL RAP ON HIS LAB WINDOW AND HE'LL LET ME IN!
YOU STAY PUT AND KEEP YOUR EARS GLUED TO THE RADIO, McCLUSKY! AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED ON THE BUSHES!
HOLD IT! A CAR JUST CROSSED THE ELECTRIC EYE OUTSIDE AND ACTIVATED THE WARNING LIGHT HERE IN THE LAB. MOST LIKELY IT'S SHERIFF DONALDSON! NO ONE ELSE WOULD SHOW AT THIS HOUR!
QUICK! OUT THE BACK, WHILE I ANSWER THE FRONT!
IF THE REPORTS ARE TRUE-- THE HEAP HAS BEEN SPOTTED PROWLING IN THE VICIN---
WHAT'S THAT--?
SNAP-
CRUNCH!
SOMEONE OR SOMETHING'S BACK THERE--!
COUNTY
GOD!! IT'S HERE! THE DAMN THING'S HERE!! QUICK, McCLUSKY!! ON THE DOUBLE!
MOVE IT!!
POW
KPOW
POW

I STILL DON'T GET IT! HOW CAN IT BE THE HEAP? WE BOTH SAW IT GO DOWN IN THE QUICKSAND---
THE WHOLE POSSE STUCK AROUND OVER AN HOUR TO MAKE SURE!
IT'S ALIVE, McCLUSKY! AND GRUESOME AS EVER! IT DIVED INTO THAT THICKET UP AHEAD! C'MON---
I'M GOING TO FINISH IT OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL! THAT MONSTER HAS CAUSED ENOUGH MISERY AND DESTRUCTION!
INTO THE FATHOMLESS DARK, HURTLE THE PURSUERS, THRASHING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ENDLESS TANGLE OF TREES AND SHRUBS. NEVER BEYOND THE SOUND OF THEIR QUARRY UP AHEAD--- YET NEVER QUITE ABLE TO CATCH UP---
PUFF-PUFF SHERIFF-- I CAN'T GO ON! MY SIDES ARE CAVING IN!
WE'VE BEEN GOING WITHOUT A LETUP FOR OVER AN HOUR! WHAT SAY WE TAKE A BREATHER?
HANG IN THERE--- WE'RE WEARING IT DOWN--- I KNOW WE ARE---
FINALLY---
WE LOST IT!! THAT HELLISH THING IS CLEVER! IT'S ALMOST HUMAN IN ITS CUNNING!
LOOK! AN ABANDONED MINE!
IF IT'S NOT IN THERE--- WE CAN BARRICADE OURSELVES AND HOLE UP FOR THE NIGHT!
ON TOP OF THAT--- I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHERE WE ARE!

I WAS SO BUSY TRYING TO EVADE THEM, I DIDN'T REALIZE WHERE WE HAD ENDED UP!
IF THERE IS SUCH A THING AS LUCK, THOSE TWO HAVE JUST RUN OUT OF IT! BY ENTERING THAT MINE---
--THEY'VE SIGNED THEIR OWN DEATH WARRANT!
WE'VE GONE IN PRETTY FAR AND STILL NO SIGN OF IT! I DON'T THINK IT'S IN HERE!
LET'S GO A LITTLE FURTHER!
SAY-- THIS TUNNEL IS WIDENING INTO A NATURAL PASSAGE-WAY!
HEY--- MY SHOTGUN!
LOOK OUT!! GO BACK!!
THEY'VE DISARMED US!!
WHAT KIND OF CREATURES ARE THESE?
W--WHY--- YOU'RE THOSE ROUSTABOUTS THAT SHOWED UP IN TOWN LAST YEAR AND THEN DISAPPEARED!
B-BUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU??
LIVING IN THE CAVERN BELOW AND DRINKING THE WATER ALL THAT TIME DID IT! NOW THAT YOU KNOW, YOU HAVE ONE OF TWO CHOICES!
STAY HERE AND BECOME LIKE US--- OR DIE--- NOW!
POOR DEVILS-- NO ONE DESERVES A FATE LIKE THAT---
IF ANYONE SHOULD KNOW--
---IT'S ME!
ARGH
AND, IT'S UP TO ME TO SAVE THEM! IRONIC, THE MONSTER THEY TRIED TO DESTROY IS NOW THEIR ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL AS HUMAN BEINGS!
THE CAVERN PEOPLE ARE BACKING UP! THEY FEAR ME BECAUSE THEY KNOW MY STRENGTH!
?!!
THEY REMEMBER WHAT I DID TO KARG!
NOW I---
WHAT'S WRONG? THEIR FACES LOOK-- CONFUSED... SHOCKED--!?
THEY'RE LOOKING DOWN--- AT MY---
M-MY HANDS!! THEY'RE CHANGING!!
MONTY ELLIOT'S FORMULA IS TAKING EFFECT! I'M BECOMING HUMAN AGAIN!
---AND NOW-- NOW WHEN I FINALLY HAVE MY PRAYERS ANSWERED--- AND WHEN I TURN BACK TO THE HUMAN BEING I ONCE WAS---
---THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

by Allan Asherman

Like most legends, the story of the vampire has its basis in fact. The most famous documented "vampire" was a Turkish nobleman by the name of Voivode Drakula, who was thought to have sucked the blood of those he killed in battle. Almost every savage tribe in the world has something about blood-drinking in its folklore, so Drakula's ghoulish idea was not something new.

In 1897, author Bram Stoker learned of the Drakula character, and this led him to some interesting ideas. Suppose, he thought, Count Dracula, like the original historical figure, drank blood. But the blood of the living, that had kept the Count unnaturally alive for hundreds of years. How could such a monster be dealt with? What would happen if he came to modern, civilized England? Around these ideas, Stoker wrote his novel "Dracula." It was an instant success.

In 1922, German director F. W. Murnau decided to film "Dracula." He used the German word for "vampire" and his film was called "Nosferatu—A Symphony of Terror." German horror-star Max Schreck, well-designed, moody sets, costumes and plot made "Nosferatu" a hit.

Often the vampire searches for food with female vampires. (Lugosi & Carol Borland in "Mark of the Vampire" - MGM 1935).

A stage production of "Dracula" opened on Broadway in 1927. The play was by John L. Balderston; taken from Stoker's novel, the character and storyline were condensed and changed. The star was Bela Lugosi. The show ran for 3 years, touring the country.

In 1930, Universal Pictures decided to film "Dracula." They got Balderston to write a script from his play, and signed Bela Lugosi for the title role. The director was Todd Browning, who originally wanted his good friend Lon Chaney for the lead, but Chaney had tragically died while the film was being planned.

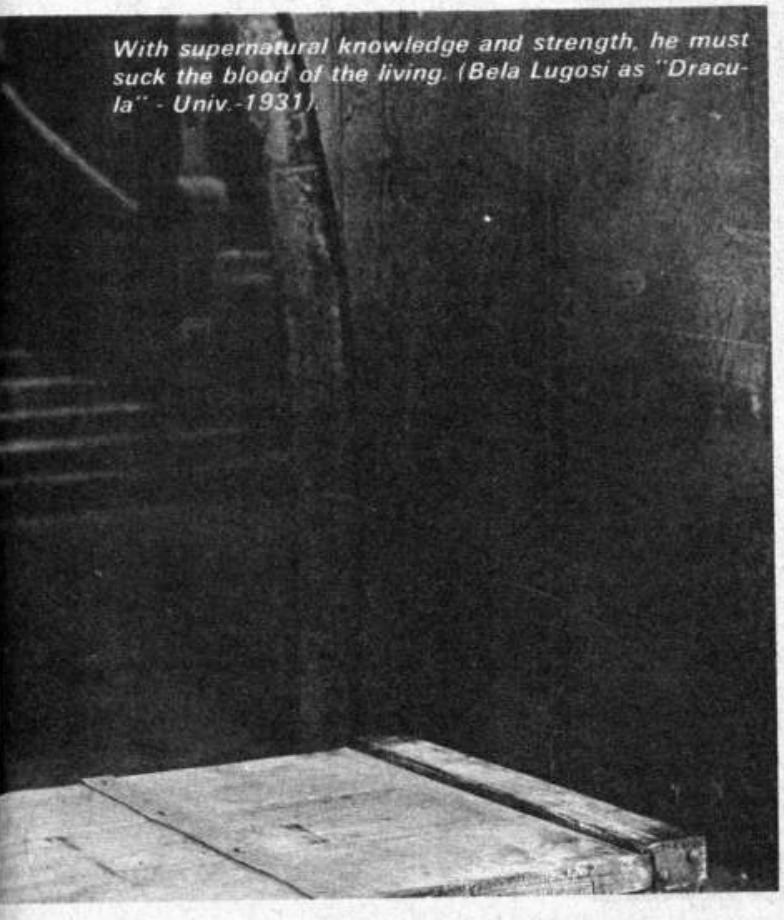
Lugosi's performance, plus the unusual subject, made "Dracula" an overwhelming success for Universal. It sparked their entire run of "talkie" horror-films (beginning, after "Dracula," with "Frankenstein," "The Old Dark House," "The Mummy," and "Murders of the Rue Morgue").

The only other actor to identify greatly with the role of "Dracula" is British star Christopher Lee. Starting with the fantastic "Horror of Dracula" in 1958 (issued in Britain as "Dracula"), Lee went on to play the Count in "Dracula, Prince of Darkness," "Dracula Has Risen From the Grave," and "Taste the Blood of Dracula."

Between "Nosferatu" and "Horror of Dracula," there were other vampire films. Lon Chaney Senior had played a vampire in the Todd Browning film "London After Midnight." In this, it was

(Continued on next page)

When killed and freed of their curse, vampires resume their true appearances. (From "Horror of Dracula").

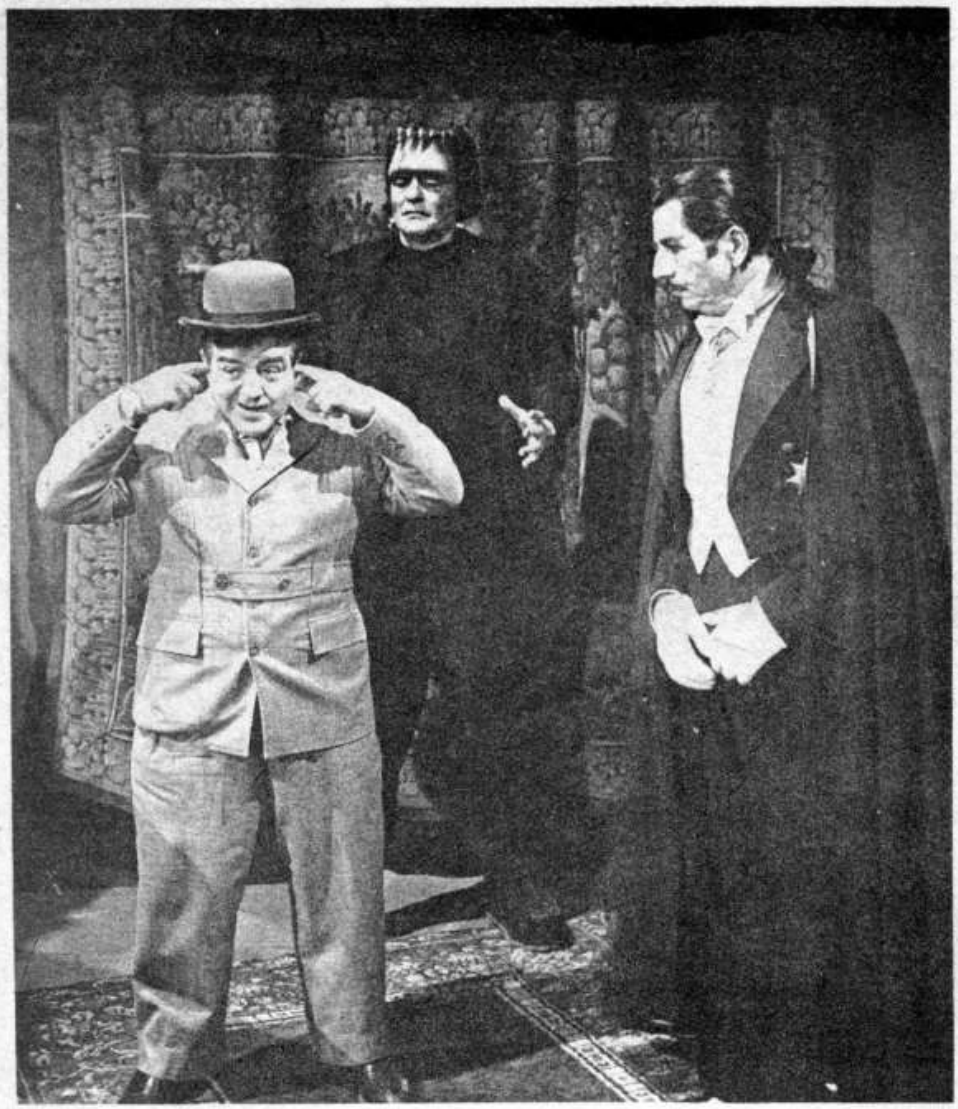


With supernatural knowledge and strength, he must suck the blood of the living. (Bela Lugosi as "Dracula" - Univ.-1931).

The vampire: a hideous creature neither living nor dead. (Lon Chaney Senior in "London After Midnight" - MGM-1927)

Hunting for vampires? An "atmospheric" still from Melchior's "Planet of the Vampires".

The old an new: Lugosi as count Dracula wearing the Bat-Like cape in which he was buried.



THE VAMPIRE

learned Chaney was really the Scotland Yard Inspector, who had used the masquerade of a vampire to trap a murderer. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer produced the film in 1927.

In 1935, MGM again did a vampire film, and Browning again directed. The film starred Bela Lugosi and Carol Borland as two vampires who, we also learn at the end of the film, are actors and not really vampires.

Gloria Holden played "Dracula's Daughter," in the 1936 Universal film that was the direct sequel to "Dracula." Edward Van Sloan, who was Dr. Van Helsing in the stageplay and the film "Dracula," acted his role again.

Lon Chaney, Jr. played "The Son of Dracula" in 1943, in a film that took the Count from Europe to America.

In "House of Frankenstein" (1944) and "House of Dracula," John Carri-

A Skywald first ! Can you identify from where this rare still came? If so, let us know!

Additional Photos by Jeff Rovin

Vampires 1965: a publicity still from the color space fantasy "Planet of the Vampires".

A classic shot of Lugosi in the role he made immortal: the blood-thirsty count Dracula!

dine played the Count, looking more like Stoker's description of the character than any other actor.

Lugosi returned as Count Dracula in Universal's spoof of their own horror-films, "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein" (1948). Even though the script clowned to no end, Dracula did a superb job with his characterization.

So somplete was Lugosi's identification with his role, that when he died he was buried in the cape he wore as "Dracula."

There were other films based upon the vampire legend, most notably Roger Vadim's "Blood and Roses," done in 1960, and Mario Bava's "Blood and Black Lace" (1964).

There will probably be many more films made about the vampire—especially about the king of the vampires, "Dracula."

Move next issue. We have plenty of exciting photos in store for you. We've been receiving some interesting suggestions from you fans. Keep 'em coming, and we'll pass them a long to Allan A.

To our Fans:

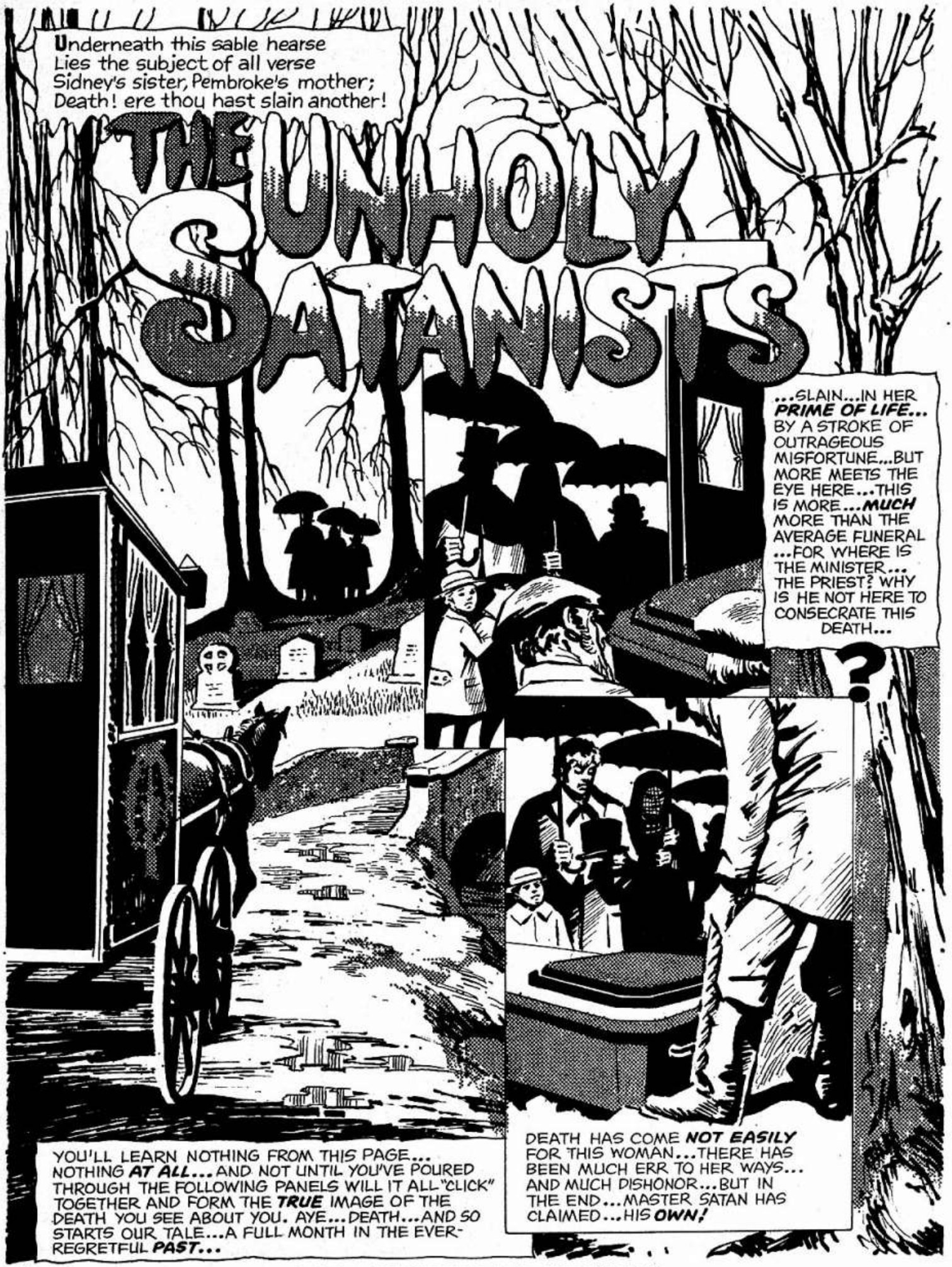
We'd like to thank you for accepting PSYCHO and encouraging us to keep on improving the very best in scripts and art. As you know, the cost of just about everything has gone up. We, in producing PSYCHO have one policy . . . give our fans the best and the most! As you can see, we carry very little advertising, thereby giving you more pages of art than any other periodical. This costs us much more for scripts and art. Also, the cost of printing and paper keeps going up considerably.

So, we are confident that with you aware of the facts, you will continue to be a regular reader of PSYCHO at the new price of 60¢.

Here's to the best in magazines under the Skywald emblem.

Sol Brodsky

Editor


Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another!
THE UNHOLY SATANISTS
...SLAIN...IN HER PRIME OF LIFE... BY A STROKE OF OUTRAGEOUS MISFORTUNE...BUT MORE MEETS THE EYE HERE...THIS IS MORE...MUCH MORE THAN THE AVERAGE FUNERAL ...FOR WHERE IS THE MINISTER... THE PRIEST? WHY IS HE NOT HERE TO CONSECRATE THIS DEATH...
?
DEATH HAS COME NOT EASILY FOR THIS WOMAN...THERE HAS BEEN MUCH ERR TO HER WAYS... AND MUCH DISHONOR...BUT IN THE END...MASTER SATAN HAS CLAIMED...HIS OWN!
YOU'LL LEARN NOTHING FROM THIS PAGE... NOTHING AT ALL...AND NOT UNTIL YOU'VE POURED THROUGH THE FOLLOWING PANELS WILL IT ALL "CLICK" TOGETHER AND FORM THE TRUE IMAGE OF THE DEATH YOU SEE ABOUT YOU. AYE...DEATH...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...A FULL MONTH IN THE EVER-REGRETFUL PAST...

Script by: AL HEWETSON • Art by: SERGE MOREN

MEL...YOU SHOULDN'T DRIVE SO FAST...YOU'LL KILL US IN THIS THING...
NOOOOOOO...
I'M SORRY, MRS. FRANKLIN... I'M SORRY... BUT YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD!
...AND MY BOY PEMBROKE?
NO...NOT THE BOY...GOD WAS INDEED MERCIFUL ...THE BOY WAS SPARED... HE JUST HAS BRUISES...
AAAEEE

MAMMA...IS THIS WHERE WE'RE GOING TO LIVE...IS THIS WHERE WE'LL STAY?
YES, PEMBROKE... THIS IS WHERE WE'LL STAY...IT'S QUIET, SOME MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN, ...AND NO ONE WILL BOTHER US...
HERE, COACHMAN...FOR YOUR TROUBLE ...AND MIND YOU COME BY LIKE I SAID ONCE A WEEK...AND I'LL TRAVEL INTO THE VILLAGE WITH YOU FOR FOOD AND NECESSITIES.
AT FIRST IT WAS BEAUTIFUL FOR THEM JUST BEING TOGETHER...FORGETTING THEIR TROUBLES...REMEMBERING FONDLY THE FATHER AND HUSBAND WHO HAD LOVED THEM...
...AND AS LORNA WANTED... IT WAS QUIET... NONE TO DISTURB... NOTHING TO BREAK THE STILLNESS OF THEIR NOW CALMED MINDS THAT HAD ONLY WEEKS AGO BEEN IN ANGUISH OVER THEIR LOSS.
...AND IN A FEW MONTHS YOU'LL BE GOING TO SCHOOL IN THE VILLAGE...WILL YOU LIKE THAT...?
YES, MAMMA ...BUT I WOULD MUCH RATHER STAY HERE WITH YOU...I WOULD BE HAPPIER...
WHO... WHO ARE YOU...WHAT DO YOU WANT?
MY NAME IS SISTER AGATHA...AND THESE ARE MY SISTERS MAELLA AND JOSETTE...WE UNDERSTAND YOU ARE ALONE... WE ARE A RELIGIOUS FRATERNITY...PERHAPS YOU WOULD JOIN US?
JOIN YOU... BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

I TOLD YOU WHO WE ARE...WE ARE THE UNHOLY SISTERS OF SATAN...
MY EYES... WHAT ARE YOU DOING... MY EYES...
...OR IF YOU WILL...WE ARE THE UNDEAD...THE SLAVES OF A MASTER MORE POWERFUL THAN THAT OF MERE MAN...
...MY EYES... GROWING WEARY...WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME... GROWING DIZZY...
HERE BOY... TAKE THIS... AND GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!
MAMA...WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOU...WHO ARE THESE WOMEN... THEY SCARE ME...
YOUR MOTHER DOESN'T HEAR YOU NOW, BOY...SHE'S IN A TRANCE...AND SOON--WHEN SHE BECOMES ONE OF US... SHE WILL NEVER HEAR YOU AGAIN...
SOCK!
COME NOW, SISTERS... WE HAVE A NEW RECRUIT FOR OUR COVEN ...BRING HER ALONG QUICKLY BEFORE WE ARE DISCOVERED...
MAMA... HELP ME... MAMA...
WANT OF YOU? NOTHING MY DEAR...WE MERELY THINK YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN JOINING US...OUR ORDER IS ONE OF THE GRANDEST IN NEW ENGLAND... AND OUR EVENING RITES ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN...
WHAT... DO YOU... WANT...OF ...ME...
WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN US?
JOIN... YOU?... YES... JOIN...

THIS IS OUR COVEN, LORNA...WHERE WE CALL UP SPIRITS OF LONG DEAD DEMONS...WHERE OUR MASTER DOES US HONOR BY GRANTING US POWER...UNLIMITED POWER AS YOU SOON SEE WITH YOUR OWN EYES LILITH...
POWER...YES...I WANT POWER...MY EYES ARE CLEARING...NOT DIZZY ANYMORE...
I CAN THINK MYSELF AGAIN...I CAN SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME...I CAN FEEL POWER SURGING UP WITHIN ME...
YES, LORNA...THE TRANCE IS OFF NOW ...IT WAS NECESSARY AT FIRST...BUT WE KNEW YOU WERE ONE OF US--WE'VE KNOWN IT FOR SOME TIME! EACH MEMBER OF OUR SISTER-HOOD IS GRANTED A BOON AS SHE JOINS...
WHAT IS YOURS ...WHAT DO YOU WANT MOST?
WANT? I WANT MY HUSBAND... MY HUSBAND...I WANT MY HUSBAND BACK FROM THE DEAD...PLEASE... PLEASE...
...AND THEN SHE HIT ME AND TOOK MY MAMA AWAY SOMEWHERE...
BY THE SAINTS...IT MUST BE THE DREADED SISTER-HOOD AT IT AGAIN...THEY HAVE A WAY WITH WOMEN IT IS SAID...MAKE THEM DESIRE...AND LUST AFTER THINGS THEY WOULD NEVER LUST FOR IN THEIR RIGHT MIND...
...AYE...YE'R RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING LAD...WE DO NEED HELP FER YE'R MAMA ...AND I'LL BE CALLING YOUR UNCLE SIDNEY RIGHT OFF...HE'LL BE OUT HERE IN A SHOT...DON'T YE'R WORRY!

BUT THE CHILD WORRIES ANYWAY...AND WELL HE SHOULD, FOR AT THIS MOMENT MERE MOMENTS AWAY VILE SHADOWS CAST OVER CRUMBLING WALLS SET THE SCENE FOR A BIZARRE SETTING THE GOOD PEOPLE OF NEW ENGLAND HAVE NOT KNOWN WAS PRACTICED FOR OVER 200 YEARS...THE DREADED CULT KNOWN AS THE UNHOLY SISTERHOOD... AT THIS MOMENT, CHILD, YOU MAY WORRY...FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT YOUR MOTHER RECEIVES THE UNHOLY SACRAMENTS OF DEATH...
PLEASE...I WANT BACK MY HUSBAND...I WANT BACK MY HUSBAND FROM THE GRAVE ...THAT IS MY BOON OF THE SISTERHOOD...
...AND SO IT SHALL BE YOURS, SISTER...IF YOU DO SWEAR TO ETERNAL DEVOTION TO ME AS YOUR MASTER...DO YOU SO SWEAR...
YES...I SO SWEAR...

...AND INTO LONG HOURS OF THE MORNING DOES LORNA MAKE HER DEVOTIONS...HER COMMITMENTS LONG INTO THE MORNING WHEN ARRIVES TOO LATE...HER **RESCUER...**

YOUR BEST BET IS THE RIDEAU CAVERNS, SIR... NO MAN GOES THERE...FOR THERE IS HEARD STRANGE SOUNDS... INCREDIBLE SOUNDS, SIR...
RIGHT...LOOK AFTER THE BOY, WILL YOU...UNTIL I GET BACK... I SHOULDN'T BE LONG...

LORNA ...LORNA.... THANK GOD YOU'RE SAFE...I THOUGHT...
YOU THOUGHT **WHAT,** SIDNEY...THAT I WASN'T CAPABLE OF LOOKING AFTER MYSELF? I'VE MADE OUT FAR BETTER THAN YOU THINK, MY DEAR BROTHER...

SUDDENLY...
OH NO! NO! I DIDN'T MEAN I WANTED YOU LIKE...THIS...
WHAT TH... WHAT ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH IS **THAT...**
DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE YOUR DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW, SIDNEY...YOUR SISTER COULD NOT LET ME LIE IN **PEACE**...SHE HAS ME APPEAR LIKE **THIS...**
IT IS NOT SO HARD TO REASON WHY A HUSBAND WOULD LOSE HIS TEMPER AT TORMENT LIKE THIS... FOR MEL WAS DEAD AND BURIED...AND RESTING IN **PEACE...**

...NOT SO HARD TO REASON AT ALL THAT NOW...EVEN AFTER YEARS OF ***LOVING HER***...HE WANTS HER TO RETURN TO THE GRAVE ***WITH HIM***...

DIE...DIE THE DEATH AND SUFFER THE AGONY I HAVE SUFFERED..

NO MEL... STOP! STOP! NO... YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE ***DOING!***

NO... YOU CAN'T KILL HER... YOU CAN'T...

POW! POW!

CAN'T IS A WORD THAT PHILOSOPHERS REJECT...IT IS WITHOUT MEANING...FOR ***NOTHING*** IS ***IMPOSSIBLE***... AND IT ***HAS*** BEEN DONE... LORNA NOW BEING LOWERED ***SILENTLY*** INTO A GRAVE...AND THE "THING" ***SHATTERED*** INTO A HUNDRED FRAGMENTS...

...NO, NO... PLEASE...YOU CAN'T... ***I'M NOT DEAD... I'M NOT REALLY DEAD!!***

BUT WHAT IS THIS BLOOD-CHOKING TWIST OF EVENTS...IS THE WOMAN DEAD OR IS SHE ***NOT?***

AYE, FAIR READERS...SHE ***IS*** DEAD... BUT SO CLOUDED IS HER MIND SHE ***DOESN'T KNOW IT!*** MYSTIFIED?...REMEMBER THE WORDS OF THE DEMON WHO MADE HER SWEAR DEVOTIONS TO HIM? ***...ETERNAL DEVOTIONS...*** AND THE WORDS OF THE ***SISTERHOOD PRIESTESS...*** YOU MUST RETURN AT NIGHTFALL FOR YOUR DEVOTIONS...

NO, NO, DEAR FRIEND... DON'T SMIRK ...REMEMBER...

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE!

SERG MOREN '71

OUT OF CHAOS...

-- PART TWO --

A NEW BEGINNING!

ALL THIS HAS GONE BEFORE--
FROM THE FLAMING RUINS OF MAN, ALL THAT EVER WAS IS NO LONGER, THE SKIES AND THE HEAVENS HAVE DECAYED INTO NOTHINGNESS. AND, FROM THIS STYGIAN DESPAIR, SATAN, LORD OF EVIL, SCREAMS, FOR WITHOUT HIS WORSHIPPERS, HE CANNOT EXIST, AND HELL AND ALL ITS TRIBUTARIES MUST VANISH INTO COLD OBLIVION.
AND SO HE PLOTS... TO CREATE THE UNIVERSE ANEW-- BUT A UNIVERSE OF HIS OWN DESIGN... OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE. BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO DESIRE THEIR OWN UNIVERSE-- DARK, MYSTERIOUS, NEITHER SPAWNED IN HEAVEN NOR HELL-- THE PROCREATORS-- AND THEIR LIFE WOMB-- WHERE A NEW UNIVERSE GROWS WITHIN AN EVER EXPANDING FETUS, BOTH SIDES STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY, AND THE ENTRANCE TO LIMBO.

BUT ELSEWHERE, POWER GROWS AND MANIFESTS ITSELF IN THE BODY AND FORM OF THE PROCREATORS!
MARCH ON, FOR WE ARE VICTORIOUS--
--THE FETUS HAS GIVEN BIRTH AND THE UNIVERSE IS OURS!
FOR WE ARE THE PROCREATORS OF ETERNITY!

THE TWO UNIVERSES ARE ABOUT TO MESH, HIGH PRIEST!
AND THEY WILL, TECHNICIAN, FOR WHEN OUR LIFE-WOMB WAS OPENED, ANOTHER UNIVERSE WAS BORN AS WELL-- THE UNIVERSE OF SATAN, LORD OF DARKNESS!

Script by: MARV WOLFMAN • Art by: RICH BUCKLER

BUT SOON... VERY SOON...
THE TWO UNIVERSES SHALL MERGE, AND THEN...
...WE SHALL SEND SATAN AND HIS FOLLOWERS TO A HELL THAT EVEN THEY COULD NEVER CONCEIVE!
WE ARE THE PROCREATORS OF ETERNITY!
WE CAN NEVER DIE, BECAUSE WE WERE NEVER BORN!
WE EXIST ONLY FOR OURSELVES, WE OBEY NO LAWS SAVE OUR OWN! WE HOLD NO TRUTHS OTHER THAN OURSELVES! WE BOW TO NO DIETY, FOR WE ARE ABOVE ALL!
THE UNIVERSES ARE ABOUT TO MERGE, HIGH PRIEST!
SAY NO MORE!
LET US WATCH THE NEW BEGIN-NING!
AND THEN... CHAOS!!

WHAT MADNESS WAS THAT?
I FELT AS IF MY LIFE WAS BEING RIPPED FROM MY BEING...
THE SURFACE--! I MUST REACH IT QUICKLY TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO MY NEW-BORN WORLD!
BY ALL THAT IS SACRED-- WHAT IS THIS? MY WORLD--
WHAT HAS DONE THIS TO YOU? WHAT?
THE CREATOR IS DEAD-- THERE IS ONLY SATAN AND HIS WORSHIPPERS!
WHO PLACED THIS HORROR BEFORE MY EYES TO MOCK ME?
WHO?? WHO??
THE ANSWER LIES BELOW IN THE RUBBLE-- STREWN HELL THAT IS SATAN'S DOMAIN...
DEATH TO ALL WHO OPPOSE THE PROCREATORS OF ETERNITY!
FIGHT ON--
DEATH TO SATAN'S DEMONS!
DEATH TO ALL WHO OPPOSE US--
FOR SATAN, FIGHT ON!
BUT WE CAN'T-- THEY'RE TOO STRONG--TOO POWERFUL...
AAAGGH!
THE PROCREATORS STRIKE QUICKLY... THEIR POWERS LASH OUT IN A THOUSAND DIRECTIONS AND THE DEMON HORDES OF SATAN FALL LIKE SHADOWS IN THE MIDNIGHT SUN..

AND WHEN IT IS OVER, THE BLOOD OF HELL'S DEAD STAIN EVEN THE DARK CORRIDOR'S OF SATAN'S CASTLE OF NIGHTMARES!
-- NO MATTER HOW HORRIBLE IT IS?
AND COULD I ACCEPT THE ANSWER--
ONLY ORACLE WOULD KNOW WHO STANDS BEHIND THIS COLDBLOODED ATTACK...
BUT WOULD HE REVEAL THE ANSWER TO ME...
YOU WHO MOCKED ME IN THE PAST--
REVEAL THE FACE OF THOSE WHO HAVE SEWN THIS HORROR UPON US...
REVEAL IT TO ME NOW, AND MOCK ME NOT-- OR DEATH SHALL BE YOUR REWARD!
NO! NO!!
NOW, ORACLE...
NOW!
I WILL NOT ACCEPT THAT! I CAN NOT!
YOUR FACE SHOWS DEATH, AND I MUST LIVE FOREVER!
I AM A GOD, ORACLE-- A GOD!! AND GOD'S CAN NOT DIE!

I CAN TAKE YOUR SENSELESS LIES NO LONGER, ORACLE!
YOU MUST DIE NOW!
...BUT--?
...SATAN...
...ARMIES... THEY'RE KILLING US ALL...
EVERY-THING DYING... DYING...
DY—
NO!
IT CAN NOT BE-- NOT WHAT ORACLE PREDICTED!
NO!
SATAN RUSHES MADLY TOWARDS THE SURFACE, AND HIS NOSTRILS FLARE WITH THE STENCH OF DEMONS DEAD...
IT IS AS ORACLE SAID IT WOULD BE--
THE WORLD OF MY CREATION CRUMBLES TO DUST BENEATH MY FEET...
...BY AN UNKNOWN ENEMY!
BUT IF I AM TO DIE...
...LET IT BE FIGHTING!
I WILL TAKE A HUNDRED OF THEM BEFORE I FALL!
BUT FIRST-- I MUST LEARN WHO I AM FIGHTING...
...AND SO I MUST GO TO THE DEEPWELL...
...WHERE THE WATERS OF THE STYX, OF ACHERON, OF LETHE...
...ALL THE RIVERS OF HELL MEET...

FOR IT IS HERE THAT ONCE BEFORE I DIE I MAY ASK ANY QUESTION--
AND THE SACRED WATERS SHALL GIVE ME MY ANSWER!
SACRED DEEPWELL, SUPPLY ME THE ANSWER I DEMAND...
WHO...?
BUT BEFORE A SOUND COULD BE UTTERED...
ACCKKK!!
OR A STRUGGLE BEGUN...
HE WHO WAS THE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE FOR ONE BRIEF INSTANT, VANISHES INTO DARKNESS...
THE BATTLE GOES WELL, HIGH PRIEST.
OUR ARMIES FIGHT UNHARMED!
AS THEY SHOULD, FOR WHAT ELSE DO THEY KNOW, TECHNICIAN?
WHAT IS THERE FOR THEM TO LOSE?
THEY CANNOT DIE, THEY CAN ONLY CEASE TO EXIST.
THEY FIGHT BECAUSE THEY MUST... BECAUSE THEY ARE SO STRUCTURED FROM THEIR INCEPTION...
...AS ARE WE ALL! WE MUST WIN...
AND SATAN MUST LOSE!

NO CHEERS...
NO CRIES OF JOY OR SORROW...
BUT FAR BELOW THE BATTLE STREWN FIELDS OF HELL...
FINALLY I'VE STOPPED, BUT WHAT LAND IS THIS--?
NO THOUGHTS OF FEAR OR DEFEAT. SO IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN...
AND SO IT MUST BE!!
SO PLUSH WITH VEGETATION, SO CALM IN TEMPERATURE...
AND YET IT SENDS SHIVERS THROUGH MY SPINE...
THIS WORLD IS BARREN, AND YET...
I HEAR THE CRY OF AN INFANT...
COMING FROM THAT POD...
IT MAKES NO SENSE, BUT I FEEL COMPELLED TO OPEN IT...
...TO GIVE LIFE TO THE CREATURE WITHIN...
MY MIND STRAINS UNDER THE PRESSURE...
I MUST OPEN IT, OR I SENSE I'LL PERISH...
OPEN--
SATAN COMMANDS YOU OPEN...
OPEN!!

...A BABY...
...BUT HIS EYES CRY WISDOM BEYOND BELIEF!
AND BETWEEN HIS OPEN ARMS...
LIFE...
WHAT HAVE I OPENED? WHAT HAVE I UNLEASHED UPON THE WORLD...? THE UNIVERSE...?
I WAS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT YOU TO THIS LAND, SATAN...
I NEEDED AN OUTSIDER TO OPEN MY LIFE WOMB!
I AM THE COSMOS-- THE GALAXIES THEMSELVES SWIRL WITHIN MY BODY...
ENLARGE AT MY WILL...
...AND THEN ARE BORN INTO THE UNIVERSE YOU CALL YOUR OWN...
I AM NEW BORN BUT I AM ALL-TIME...
I AM LIFE...
AND I AM POWER...
I AM... SAGE!!
YAGGHHH!
HEAR ME, HIGH PRIEST...
YOU DO NOT SIT ON THE THRONE OF THE UNIVERSE!
YOU DO NOT STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY!
THE UNIVERSE IS MINE AND MINE ALONE...
SAGE?!?
THE BOOK FORETOLD OF YOUR RETURN, BUT...

IT DOESN'T MATTER... WE ARE POWER...
ALL THE POWER THAT CAN BE...
ALL THE POWER THAT WILL EVER BE...
ARMIES... DESTROY SAGE... NOW!!
ALL THE POWER THAT EXISTS STEMS FROM ME... BORN WITHIN MY SOUL...
...AND IS EXPELLED AT MY WILL... WITHOUT ME THERE WOULD BE NO POWER...
WITHOUT ME THERE WOULD BE NO UNIVERSE!
BUT I AM NO STATUE...
...AND I HAVE COME TO REST UPON THIS EARTHEN HOVEL...
AND YOU SHALL BE AMONGST THE FIRST OF MY WORSHIPPERS...
...ALONG WITH THAT OTHER WOULD-BE GOD!
R. Buckler '71
THERE IS A UNIVERSE TO REBUILD-- TO CREATE ANEW...
TO CREATE IN MY OWN FASHION...
TO CREATE AS MY OWN...
BUT NOW, BOW BEFORE ME, AND PAY HOMAGE TO MY NAME...
FOR SAGE MEANS WISDOM... THE WISDOM OF THE LORD... THE NEW CREATOR...
THE NEW GOD!!
...THE END?

CHAPTER TWO LEFT THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER HURTLING DOWNWARDS FROM THE HEIGHTS OF THE GREAT NOTRE DAME BELL TOWER WHERE QUASIMODO HOLDS THE BEAUTIFUL SEER, LILITH, PRISONER. THE MONSTER IS SURE LILITH HOLDS HIS PSYCHIC LINK WITH A MORTAL PAST HE SO DESPERATELY MUST REMEMBER...

FRANKENSTEIN

BONG! BONG! BONG!
HA-HA! MY BELLS RING YOUR DEATH KNELL, LOATHSOME INTERLOPER!
BONG!
BE SMASHED, BE SPLIT AND BE CRUSHED DAMNABLE THING! HEE-HEE-HO! HO! HO!
YARRRGHH!!
THUD!

SOB! LET ME GO! YOU USED ME TO LURE HIM TO HIS DEATH! NOW LET ME GO!
QUIET, PRATTLING GIRL, EVEN AS I STILL THE THUNDER OF MY BELLS!
OBSERVE, MY BEAUTY, A DARK SHADOW OF FETISH EVIL SLIPS FROM THE VERY WALLS OF THIS HOLY PLACE! HEE-HEE-HEE!!

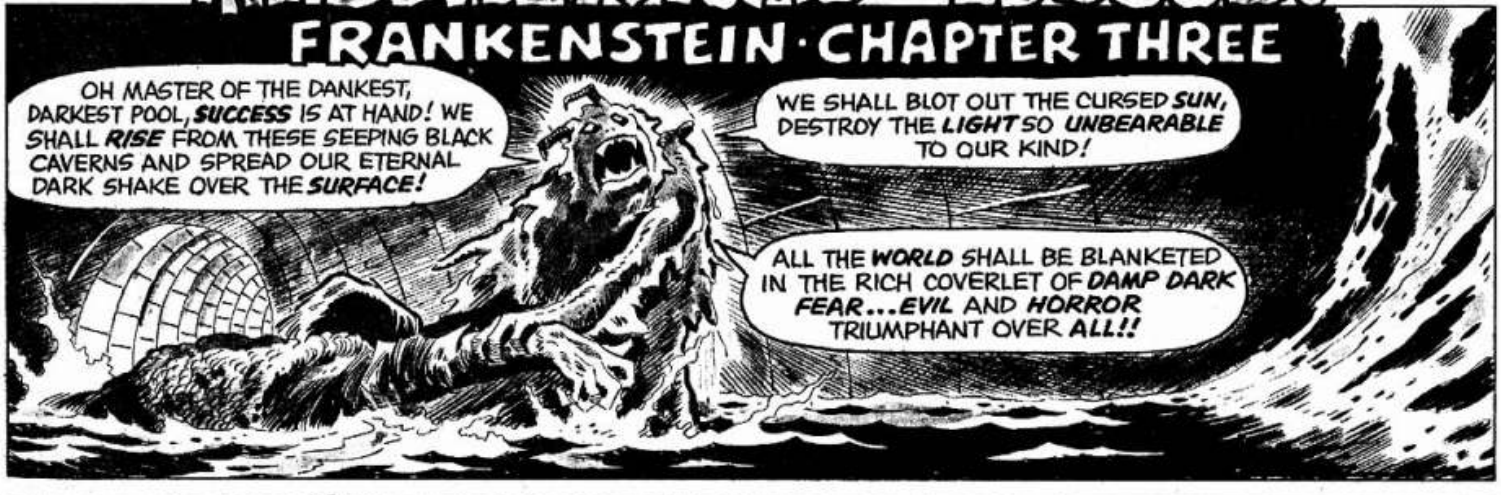
NONE ARE SO FOOLISH AS TO EVEN TRY RESCUING YOU UP HERE!
THIS IS MY DOMAIN, AS BELOW THE FLOORS AND CELLARS AND ROTTING SUBCELLARS, IN THE WINDING ENDLESS LABYRINTH OF THE PARIS SEWERS, EXISTS THE NIGHTMARE DOMAIN OF...

Script and ART by: SEAN TODD

LE SUUB!
MASTER LE SUUB, I HAVE HIM! I HAVE THE LIFELESS YET UNDEAD BODY OF THE SURFACE ABOMINATION!
I AM BRINGING YOU THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!

THE SEWER TOMB OF LE SUUB!

FRANKENSTEIN · CHAPTER THREE


OH MASTER OF THE DANKEST, DARKEST POOL, SUCCESS IS AT HAND! WE SHALL RISE FROM THESE SEEPING BLACK CAVERNS AND SPREAD OUR ETERNAL DARK SHAKE OVER THE SURFACE!
WE SHALL BLOT OUT THE CURSED SUN, DESTROY THE LIGHT SO UNBEARABLE TO OUR KIND!
ALL THE WORLD SHALL BE BLANKETED IN THE RICH COVERLET OF DAMP DARK FEAR... EVIL AND HORROR TRIUMPHANT OVER ALL!!

AAARRGGH!!
;GASP!; MASTER! I MEANT NO IMPERTINANCE...;CHOKE!;
OF COURSE WE ARE UNWORTHY... WE ARE AS NOTHING BEFORE YOUR SERENE DARKNESS...;GASP!; YOU AND YOU ALONE WILL OVERCOME!
THE PAIN SUBSIDES...YOU ARE ALL MERCIFUL, MASTER! I STAND BEFORE YOU AND AM UNWORTHY TO LOOK UPON YOUR WONDER...

...THE GLORY OF LE SUUB!
ENOUGH, WORTHLESS MANIKIN...WERE IT NOT FOR MY INDOMITABLE WILL YOU WOULD NOT KNOW EVEN THIS STYGIAN LIFE!
AWAKEN SURFACE CREATURE! AWAKEN TO THE WONDER OF LE SUUB, LORD OF THE DARK!
LEAVE THE CREATURE OF FRANKENSTEIN'S FOLLY!
OOOHH! SHUDDER! CAN IT BE? HAVE I FINALLY BEEN DESTROYED?
CAN THIS BE HELL?
HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW OF IMMORTALITY! YOU WILL LIVE...TO SERVE ME! ARISE!
I...I SERVED A MASTER ONCE...FRANKENSTEIN! I'LL NEVER SERVE ANOTHER!
YOU FEEBLE CORPSE-FABRICATED PUPPET! YOU DARE OPPOSE MY WILL!
FEEL MY POWER!
AARGGH!
YOU HAVE GREAT STRENGTH BUT YOU WILL GROVEL BEFORE ME!
NNNGGH! GOT TO DO SOMETHING! CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS!

THOUGH SERIOUSLY WEAKENED FROM HIS FALL, THE INDESTRUCTABLE MONSTER SUMMONS ALL HIS RESOURCES TO WARD OFF THE TORTUROUS TELEPATHIC ASSAULT...
HE IS YOUR MASTER... GO TO HIM!
A PETTY DEFENSE! MY SUPERIOR MENTAL POWERS WILL DOMINATE YOU AS WELL AS THE SURFACE HUMANS!
THEIR WEAK WILLS ARE NO MATCH FOR MINE!
RELENTLESSLY LE SUUB'S MENTAL FORCE WAVES BOMBARD THE MONSTER'S BRAIN...
ANOTHER WHO WOULD USE ME... ENSLAVE ME! MUST FIGHT ALL SUCH AS HE... HUMAN AND INHUMAN ALIKE!
CEASE YOUR FUTILE STRUGGLE SURFACE OUTCAST! THERE IS NO HOPE FOR YOU!
YOU WILL DO EXACTLY WHAT MY ALL POWERFUL BRAIN DICTATES!
THE HUMANS SPEND THEIR TIME ON FRIVILOUS NONSENSE, WASTE ENERGY ON ABSTRACTIONS LIKE ART AND BEAUTY... THINGS THAT HAVE NO PLACE IN THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS!
YOU WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF ENFORCING MY RULE! YOU, THE LIVING MOCKERY OF HUMAN KIND!
MUST NOT GIVE IN! MUST GET BACK TO LILITH!
SHE IS THE KEY TO MY HUMAN PAST... THE KEY TO WHO I AM!
YOU OWE THE HUMANS NOTHING BUT EVERLASTING HATRED! YOUR PLACE IS WITH ME!
NEVER! I HAVE TOO LONG BEEN DENIED THE VERY ESSENCE OF LIFE YOU WOULD TAKE FROM THE HUMANS!
I KNOW THE HORROR OF LIVING WITHOUT LOVE, WITHOUT BEAUTY! YOU'LL NOT WORK YOUR EVIL THROUGH ME!

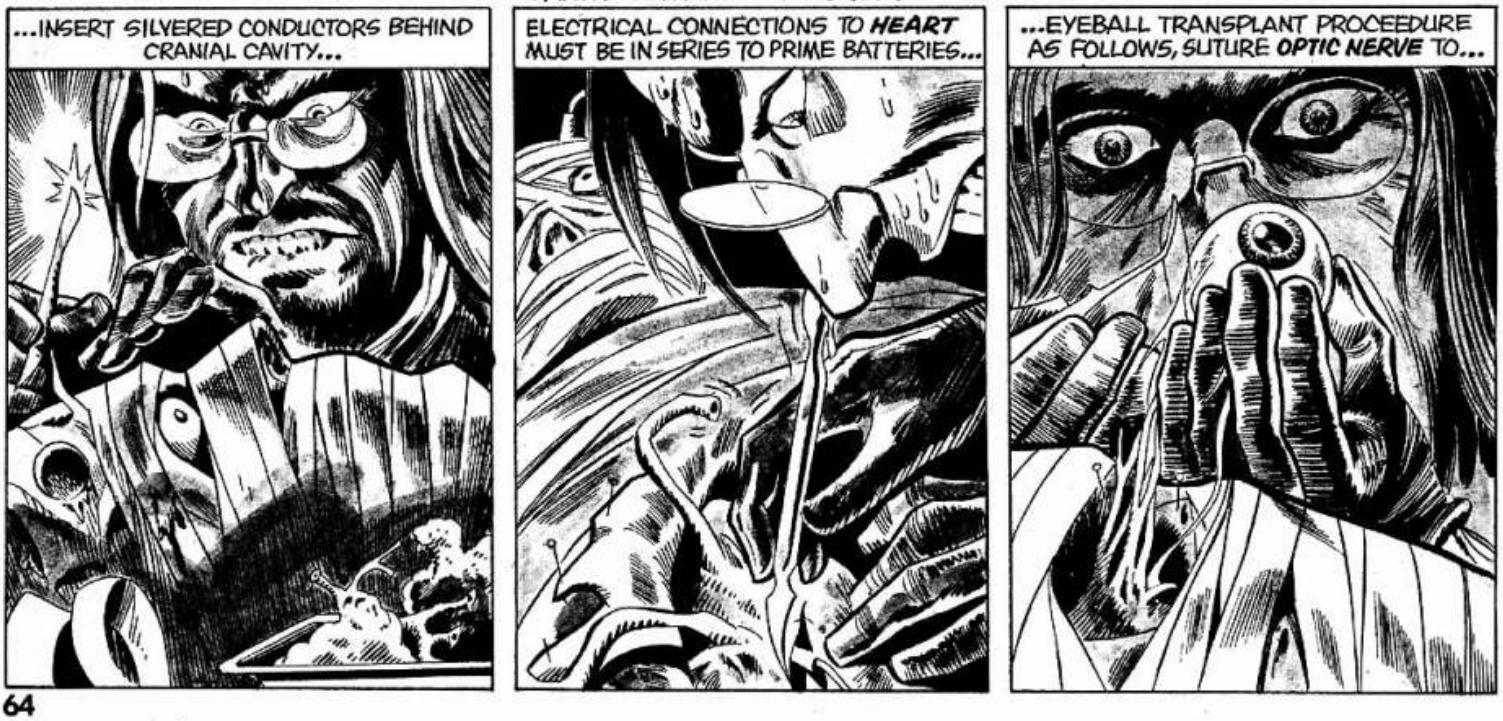
ABANDON THIS FUTILE RESISTANCE! SURRENDER TO MY WILL!
THIS HAD BETTER FINISH HIM! I CAN DO NO MORE!
HE'S WON! I FEEL HIS CONTROL OVER-WHELMING MY WILL!
SPLASH!
FOR THIS INDIGNITY YOU MUST BE DISCIPLINED!
A CRIPPLING BLAST OF MENTAL ENERGY BRINGS THE MONSTER TO HIS KNEES...
N-NO!
N-N-NNGH!
NOW YOU ARE TOTALLY MINE! MINE TO USE AS I PLEASE! RISE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, SLAVE TO LE SUUB!
STOP! I'VE LOST MY CONTROL! ANOTHER MIND IS GIVING STRENGTH TO THE MONSTER!

LILITH!
HE HAS NO HOLD ON YOU NOW! LET US ESCAPE WHILE WE CAN!
YYAAARRWWG!
I'M ABLE TO PROJECT A MENTAL BLOCK THAT FIEND CAN'T GET THROUGH! BUT I CAN'T KEEP IT UP!
HURRY, BIG FRIEND! WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE!
SPLASH!
LEAVING THE FRUSTRATED LE SUUB BEHIND, THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER SCOOPS UP LILITH AND SPLASHES DOWN A SIDE TUNNEL.
YOU HAVE WONDROUS POWERS, LILITH, MY STRENGTH IS GONE BUT YOU'VE FREED MY MIND!
HOW DID YOU, A BLIND GIRL ESCAPE QUASIMODO AND FOLLOW ME HERE?
A SIMPLE TRICK TO PLAY ON ONE AS DIM-WITTED AS QUASIMODO!
DEAD END! WE'RE TRAPPED!
LISTEN! THAT SPLASHING AND SLITHERING SOUND... LE SUUB AND THE SEWER THINGS ARE COMING!
STAY BEHIND ME, GENTLE SEER! IF THIS BE THE END...THEN SO BE IT!

AND AS THE CURSED FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, AND THE BLIND PSYCHIC, LILITH AWAIT THEIR FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH THE MERCILESS LE SUUB, EQUALLY AWESOME EVENTS OCCUR ACROSS THE GERMAN BORDER...
I WILL HAVE YOUR SECRET OF CREATING LIFE, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN! IF I MUST DESTROY YOU TO GAIN YOUR KNOWLEDGE I WILL!
GASP! YES... DESTROY ME! HAVE AN END TO IT!
I DOUBT THERE IS AN END TO YOU, FRANKENSTEIN! WHEN THE MONSTER GAVE YOU LIFE AGAIN WEEKS AFTER YOU HAD DIED IN THE FROZEN NORTHLANDS HE NO DOUBT ALSO BESTOWED UPON YOU HIS OWN IMMORTALITY!
THE PEASANTS CHOPPED YOU TO PIECES, YET YOU STILL LIVE! THIS MACHINE MERELY MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO QUESTION YOU...TO URGE YOU TO REMEMBER!
AAAGGHH!
FROM THE FRAGMENTS I'VE BEEN ABLE TO SALVAGE FROM YOUR FEAR-CRAZED MEMORY I'VE WORKED EXPERIMENT AFTER EXPERIMENT...
HERE-- I HELP YOU REMEMBER!
NAAA

TONIGHT WE TRY AGAIN! I HAVE UNCOVERED THE FINEST SPECIMEN YET, A GIANT! THIS MAN IN LIFE HAD TREMENDOUS PHYSICAL STRENGTH!
HIS NECK IS BROKEN! YOU'VE ROBBED THE GALLOWS OF A MURDERER!
I'D PLUNDER HELL ITSELF IF IT WOULD HELP!
NOW GO BACK IN YOUR MEMORY ONCE AGAIN TO THAT NIGHT IN THE CASTLE WHEN YOUR GENIUS GAVE BIRTH TO THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!
NOOO! I CAN'T DO IT AGAIN! I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING!
NOT EVERYTHING! PERHAPS THIS WILL JAR YOUR MEMORY!
ZZZZZZZZZZTTT!
AANNNNGGHH!
ENOUGH! GASP! I BEG YOU!
I'LL CO-OPERATE!
VERY WELL, VICTOR... BEGIN!
ATTACH GALVANIC PROBES TO BASE OF BRAIN AND CHOKE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM...

DARK HOURS PASS AS THE TORTURED FRANKENSTEIN STRUGGLES TO RECALL EVERY DETAIL OF THAT GHASTLY NIGHT SANITY DEMANDS HE FORGET!


...INSERT SILVERED CONDUCTORS BEHIND CRANIAL CAVITY...
ELECTRICAL CONNECTIONS TO HEART MUST BE IN SERIES TO PRIME BATTERIES...
...EYEBALL TRANSPLANT PROCEEDURE AS FOLLOWS, SUTURE OPTIC NERVE TO...

I'M ELEVATING THE SUBJECT! THE LIGHTNING GATHERING KITES ARE ALL TRANSMITTING CHARGES...
THE STORM IS AT ITS PEAK! THE GALVANIC FORCE SHOULD BE RELEASED... NOW!
FFFZZZTT-K-RAK-K
LIGHTNING CHARGED LIFE COURSES THROUGH THE MONSTER!
THE ELEVATED TABLE RETURNS ITS DREADFUL CARGO...
PRETORIOUS! IT'S MOVING! IT'S COMING FOR US!
HAN-H--HAH...
LOOK OUT!
I'VE DONE IT! I'VE OVERCOME DEATH ITSELF! COME TO ME, MY CREATION!
SUDDENLY THE OVERLOADED GENERATORS QUIT!
HAN-H-HAH!
CRASH!
THE LIGHTS! PRETORIOUS! I'M HELPLESS, CAN'T SEE! KEEP THAT THING AWAY!
HAN-H-
HAH!
HANN-H-
...NOT THIS!
CHOP!
STOP! N-NO!
AAARRGGHH!
CRASH!
IT'S KILLED PRETORIOUS! IT'S COMING FOR ME!
OH LORD NO!

HOURS LATER, THE STORM HAS PASSED, DAWN...
OHH...ARM BROKEN...MUST HAVE PASSED OUT! GASP!
MONSTER WENT MAD...
...ANOTHER FAILURE!
DO YOU HEAR ME, FRANKENSTEIN? YOU'VE FAILED ME AGAIN!
FRANKENSTEIN...?
FRAN--
GAAAAHH!
N-NO! YOU CAN'T DIE ON ME, NOT YET! IF YOU DIE YOUR SECRET IS LOST FOREVER!
BUT WAIT! THERE'S MUSCLE MOVEMENT, EYE MOVEMENT... YOU'RE ALIVE! INCREDIBLE!
THUD! THUD!
WHAT'S THAT? THE DOOR!
A MESSAGE DELIVERED BY A DARK CLOAKED CALLER SENDS PRETORIOUS RACING TO THE LOCAL INN WHERE THE COACH FOR PARIS IS JUST LEAVING...
ONE PASSENGER AND ONE...ER BOX! YES SIR, I TRUST YOU DON'T MIND TRAVELING ALONE, SIR?
OH, I AM SELDOM ALONE THESE DAYS! HEH-HEH!
NEXT: FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA!